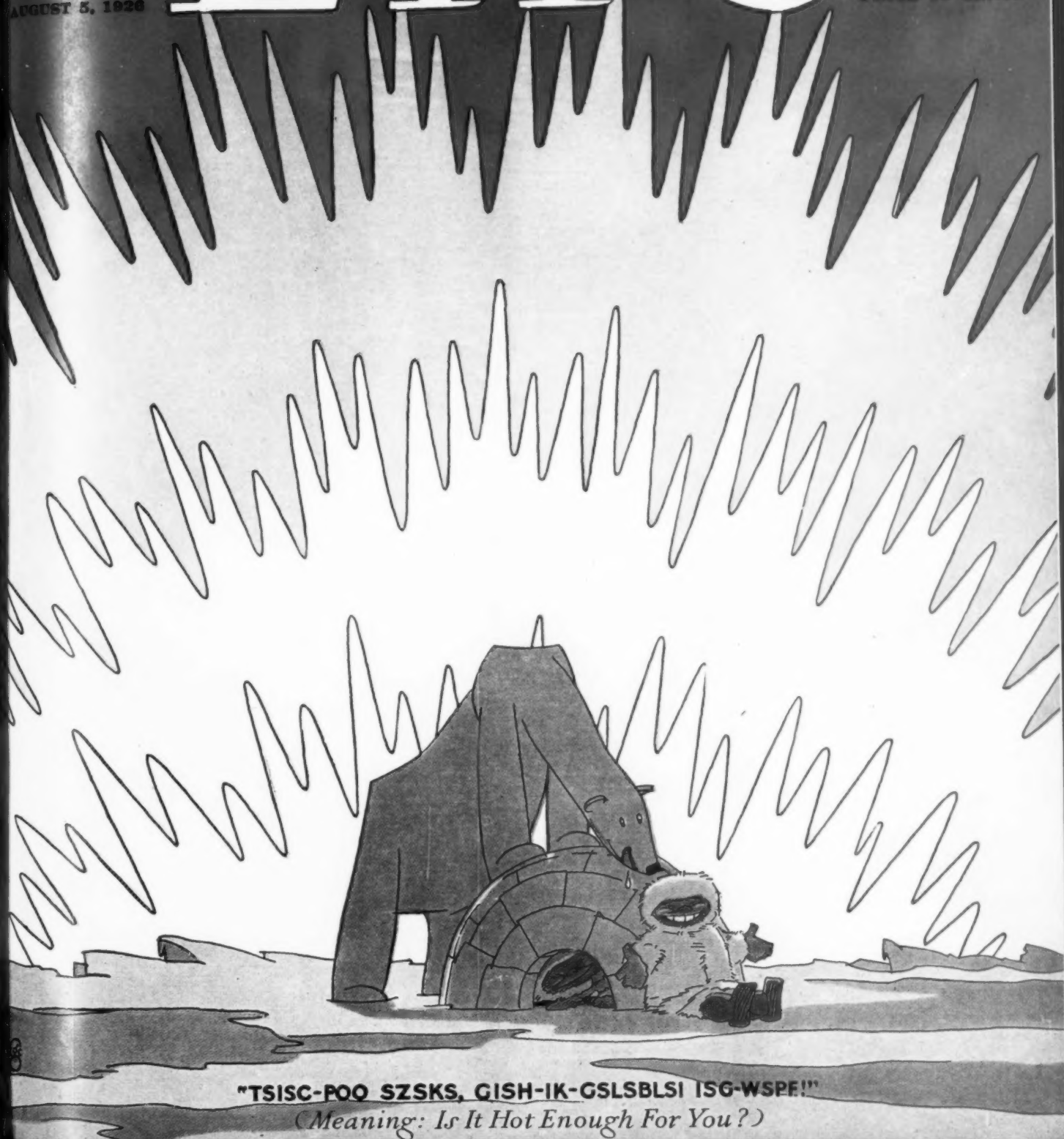


AUGUST 5, 1926

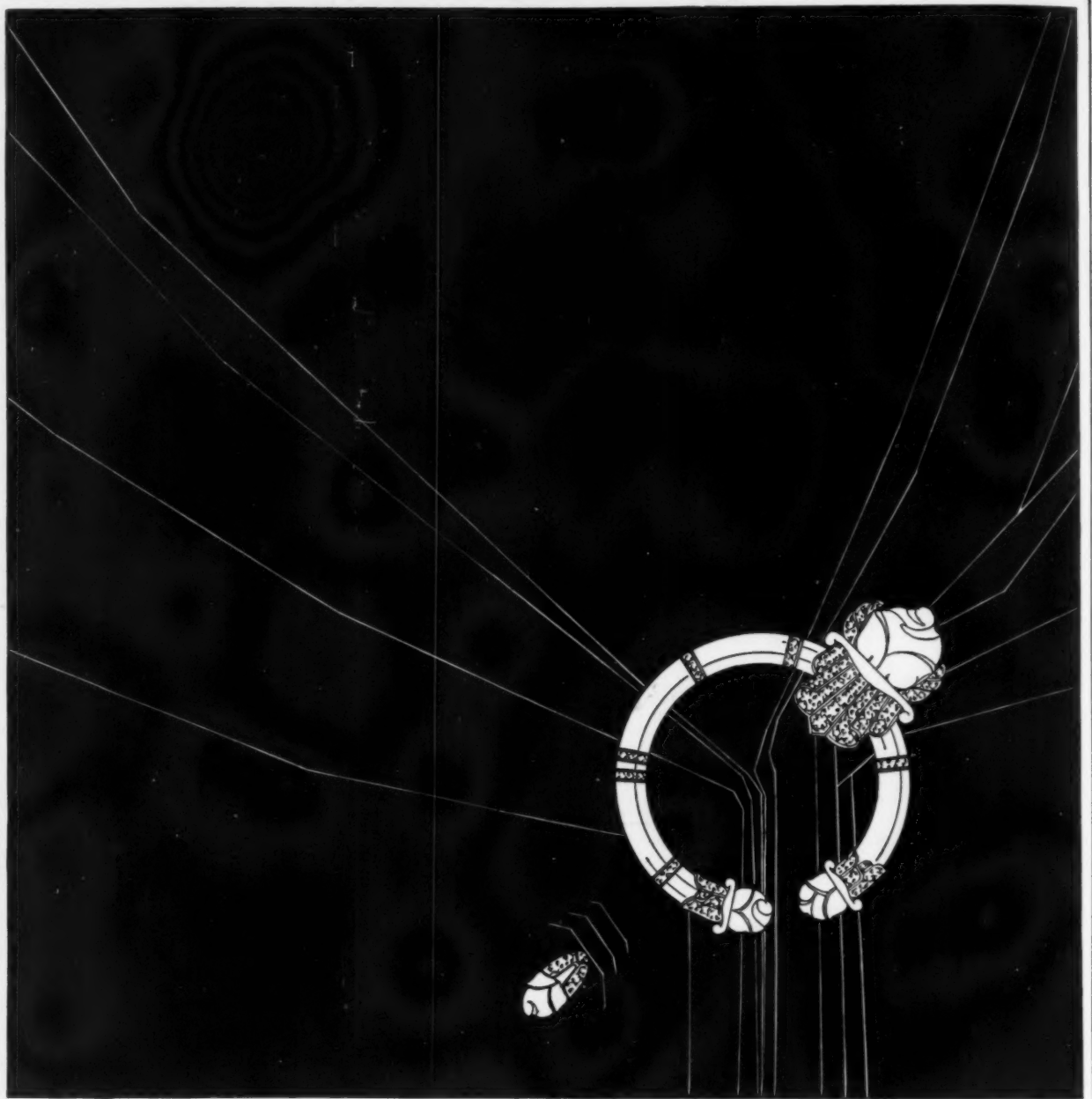
Life

PRICE 15 CENTS



"TSISC-POO SZSKS, GISH-IK-GSLBLSI ISG-WSPE!"

(Meaning: Is It Hot Enough For You?)



BLACK*STARR & FROST

This dress ornament is a circle of oxblood coral with a decorative motif in diamonds. At either end of the pin are carved rosebuds of black onyx. This piece may be used to gather a gown at the side.

JEWELERS FOR 116 YEARS
FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 48TH STREET • NEW YORK
PARIS • PALM BEACH • SOUTHAMPTON



One of these days you'll wish you had this *extra* wheel!

When a tire goes flat. . . .

Or when a spoke wheel hits the curb sideways, and splinters. . . .

Or when a careless duffer rolls up behind, and bang! into the rear of your car. . . .

Then you'll wish you had this *fifth* Budd-Michelin Wheel.

The fifth Budd-Michelin Wheel carries the spare tire.

Exchanging a wheel with a flat tire for the extra wheel is a three to four minute job.

A few turns on the self-locking nuts at the hub, and the wheel is off. The extra wheel is slipped into its place—the nuts are tightened—and *that's* all over.

No more rim changing, and a lot less dirt.

Even a rugged steel Budd-Michelin Wheel will bend when it gets a hard enough bump—but will bend only, when an ordinary wheel would go to pieces.

Under the old system, when a wheel gave up and quit you had to hike to the nearest telephone, call a service station, pay a towing charge — and then buy a new wheel. A nasty wait, a nasty bill, and a nasty temper.

With Budd-Michelins, you take off the bent wheel, put on the fifth wheel, and are on your way.

And the bent wheel can always be

straightened, good as new, for two or three dollars.

The driver who bumps the rear of your car, when you have a Budd-Michelin, isn't going to dent the body.

That extra wheel on the rear is a tough customer, and when the other fellow gets careless with his brakes, it will give him more than it takes.

In addition, how that glistening, stream-lined extra wheel snaps up the rear of the car—makes it look as good going as coming!

Reasons for Budd-Michelin Wheels? More reasons than room to tell about them. Ask the man who owns *five*. . . . Then when you want that extra wheel, you'll have it!

[[Detroit . . . BUDD WHEEL COMPANY . . . Philadelphia]]



A Modern Method of Cleanliness

Because it cleanses the mouth and teeth, removes odors of dining or smoking and renders the user acceptable in any company, the regular use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets is not only an acknowledged benefit, but it is an unmistakable mark of refinement.

To use Wrigley's is really to show thought for the feelings and the favor of your companions.

They prefer a sweet breath!

Wrigley's is a delightful refreshment enjoyed by people of all ages, and it is more—it is an antiseptic mouth cleanser—it is a preserver of teeth—an aid to digestion—a guardian of good health!

*Comes to you fresh and full
flavored, clean and wholesome*



*in this sanitary wax-wrapped
and wax-sealed package*



G77



The Nerve-Raked

FOR country life I've had a yearning

Lo! many years, and it behooved
Me to spurn the throng, the burning,
Sun-baked pavements, city-
grooved.

I like it, but now that I've moved,
My blistered palms at nightfall ache,
And if you ask me what it's
proved:

I'm not intended for a rake.

There's nothing like the open spaces,
Where men are men—and women,
too,

Can trust the sun to paint their faces
And tint with gold the skies of
blue.

I love the hills, the dales, the view
From my front porch, but let me
make

This reservation (one of few):
I'm not intended for a rake.

But, God of Bacchus, city dweller,
When at thy fount my thirst I
slake,
Next day I'm just a country feller:
I'm not intended for a rake.

L. A. M.

It Isn't Normal

THERE was once a normal man.
One day, when slumming down
by the wharves where come ships
from strange isles, he got a disease.
It was not a normal disease. Few
white men contract it and live. It
was called skepticism.

"One wears a white tie with full
evening dress," they told him.

"Why?" he asked. Cold stares
were his only answer.

"Short skirts are frightful," said
his maiden aunt.

"In what way frightful?" he in-
quired. She glared at him.

"The country is run by rich men!"
cried a disappointed politician.

"What of it?" replied our hero.
At this angry murmurs were heard.

"Of course," shouted the Wets
and Drys in unison, "no one wants
the old saloon back!"

"Why not?" said the sick man.
It was too much. The crowd
surged in.

"Yes," remarked the old family
physician to the old family under-
taker as they laid out the body, "he
died of skepticism. It is generally
fatal in the long run."

W. W. Scott.

"PAYS," in French, means "coun-
try," but, obviously, not this
country.



All South America

*in the time usually required
to see a scant half*

In 2 months the RAYMOND-WHITCOMB CRUISE will sail completely round *South America* In the time required ordinarily for a hurried trip to two or three cities, it will visit ALL the most notable places.

The Raymond-Whitcomb ROUND SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE

Sailing January 29, 1927, on the S. S. "Laconia"

AN EXCEPTIONAL opportunity to see *South America* in all its varied aspects On the *West Coast* this Cruise will include *Callao*, *Arequipa* in the *Andes*, historic old *Lima* & the wonderful *Inca Ruins*—also *Santiago*, the capital of *Chile*, *Valparaiso*, *Valdivia* & the disputed *Nitrate Country* It will sail through the *Straits of Magellan* with their spectacular fjord-like scenery & call at *Punta Arenas*, the southernmost town in the world It will visit *Buenos Aires* & *Rio de Janeiro*, beautiful *Montevideo*, the capital of *Uruguay*, *Santos*, *Sao Paulo* & *Bahia* in *Brazil*, the *Pitch Lake* in *Trinidad*, *Porto Rico* & *Cuba*.

Optional side trips will go to ancient *Cuzco* & *La Paz*, the quaint capital of *Bolivia*; cross the continent by the *Trans-Andine railway* & visit the great *Iquazu Falls* in *Paraguay*.

*The only Cruise to pay more than a cursory visit to
three or four South American cities*

The Cruise-Ship is the popular "*Laconia*"—a new *Cunard* liner of 20,000 tons, with spacious decks & attractive staterooms—superbly adapted to this Cruise through various climates The Cruise will be limited to 390 passengers and the rates are \$975 & upward.

Send for the booklet—"Round South America"

ANOTHER NOTABLE CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD

SAILING from *New York*, *October 14*, on the "*Carinthia*," the newest *Cunard* liner Rates, \$2,250 & upward Passengers may join at *Los Angeles* or *San Francisco* This is the most attractive *World-Cruise* ever planned It is the only Cruise to visit *Australia*, *New Zealand* & *Tasmania*, in addition to *Japan*, *China*, *Korea* & *India*—also the only Cruise to visit all its countries at their best seasons & then to reach *Europe* in time for *Spring Travel* Send for the booklet—"Round the World Cruise."

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB COMPANY

Executive Offices: 16 PARK STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO



The Book of Hosiery 284

WHEN a man parks his foot in a Phoenix sock which bears the happy number 284, he has the satisfaction of knowing that it is supremely well dressed at the smallest feasible cost.

This splendid silk hose, now made in an elaborate assortment of season-decreed colors, is cleverly reinforced at the very places where extra strength is needed. And it retails everywhere for only seventy-five cents a pair.

We have made more elaborate hosiery, but we have never made a better all-around number than this happy one, to retail at anywhere near this price.

No. 284 is a safe parking place for even the most strenuous man's foot.

**PHOENIX
SILK SOCKS**

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

LSB

Life



The Ruling Passion

Gunman: STICK UP YOUR HANDS, LADY, OR I'LL FIRE!
Mrs. Upper crust: MY GOOD MAN, TAKE YOUR HAT OFF.

A 1926 Fable

THE daughter of the house had just returned from boarding school. The moment she left her room the mother entered it and began searching the daughter's trunk. For an hour she moved hats and hose, laces and lingerie, but she found no cigarettes, no hooch, no racy novels. The mother sat back in her chair and sighed.

"It's just as I feared," she murmured. "A whole year wasted. Next season I'll have to send her to a more select school."

N. T. L.

Wonderful

CUSTOMER: What is this device?

AUTO DEMONSTRATOR: That shuts off the spark.

CUSTOMER: And what is this thing for?

AUTO DEMONSTRATOR: That shuts off the gas. And this other little device is the best feature of all.

CUSTOMER: What does it do?

AUTO DEMONSTRATOR: It shuts off the conversation on the back seat.

The Craze for Prologues Spreads

SCENE: A court room. Butch McFeeney is about to be tried for housebreaking and assault, before Judge Simpkins.

1. THE Powhuska County Symphony Orchestra plays a potpourri of melodies based on the national anthems of all the countries of the world.

2. The gentlemen of the jury, led by the foreman, present a symbolic ballet, "Love in Sing Sing."

3. A quartette composed of newspaper reporters favors with "Crossing the Bar" and "The Prisoner's Song."

4. Judge Simpkins, the prosecuting attorney and the court reporter present a little playlet, "We'll Get You Yet!"

5. Mr. McFeeney entertains with some clog-dancing, card tricks and a few brief remarks on "The Duty of the Professional Felon to the Community."

6. Judge Simpkins, the prosecuting attorney, Mr. McFeeney and his lawyer join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne" into the microphone. The jury joins in the chorus.

7. Grand Finale. Community singing and dancing around the May-pole by every one in the court room.

The trial is now ready to begin.

Robert Lord.

Wasted Effort

ETHEL: Did you have a nice vacation, dear?

ESTHER: No; all the life guards were taken by the time I got there.

THE road to hell is paved with good intentions, one of which is, of course, to change one's oil every five hundred miles.



Howard: WOMEN'S CLOTHES WEREN'T MUCH OF A PROBLEM IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Jay: NO—ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS LOVE 'EM AND LEAF 'EM,



THE MAN WHO READ ALL THE BOOKS ON HIKING
BEFORE HE STARTED OUT.

Terrible Threat

"NOW, Willie," said the teacher, "if you aren't a good boy I'll make you stay after school and learn the names of all the Premiers of France since 1925."

FLAPPER: I'd like a pair of garters, please.

MALE CLERK: Yes, miss. Something like the ones you have on?



Fond Husband: I HAVE JUST INSURED MY LIFE IN YOUR FAVOR FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Doting Wife: AND WHAT KIND OF A CAR DO YOU THINK I COULD GET FOR THAT?

Life Lines

PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON has suggested giving chloroform to certain judges. At how much a case?

The papers say you can now buy two francs for a nickel, and yet a flapper of our acquaintance insists that at all roadside stands they're still selling for five cents apiece.

The world progresses but little, the Sesquicentennial reminds us. One hundred and fifty years ago we had **GEORGE III**. Now we have **WAYNE B. WHEELER**.

For reporting that there was liquor in the home of a neighbor a Kentucky farmer was fined ten dollars under the Anti-Gossip Law. There's a law that *should* have more teeth in it.

And now the study of biology has been banned in Texas schools. If they keep on passing these prohibitory laws, the acquirement of education is going to be just one grand vacation after another to the so-called kiddies of Dixie.

When President **COOLIDGE** invites Governor **AL SMITH** of New York to lunch the day selected is Friday. You can't beat the economy program. **CAL** is catching his own fish.

From the results of the President's fishing exploits we are at last getting conclusive proofs that he is no piker.

A sculptor who has made a bust of **ROALD AMUNDSEN** claims that the explorer's nose measures three inches in length. A nose for news!

Here are two tributes to the durability of America's favorite vehicle:

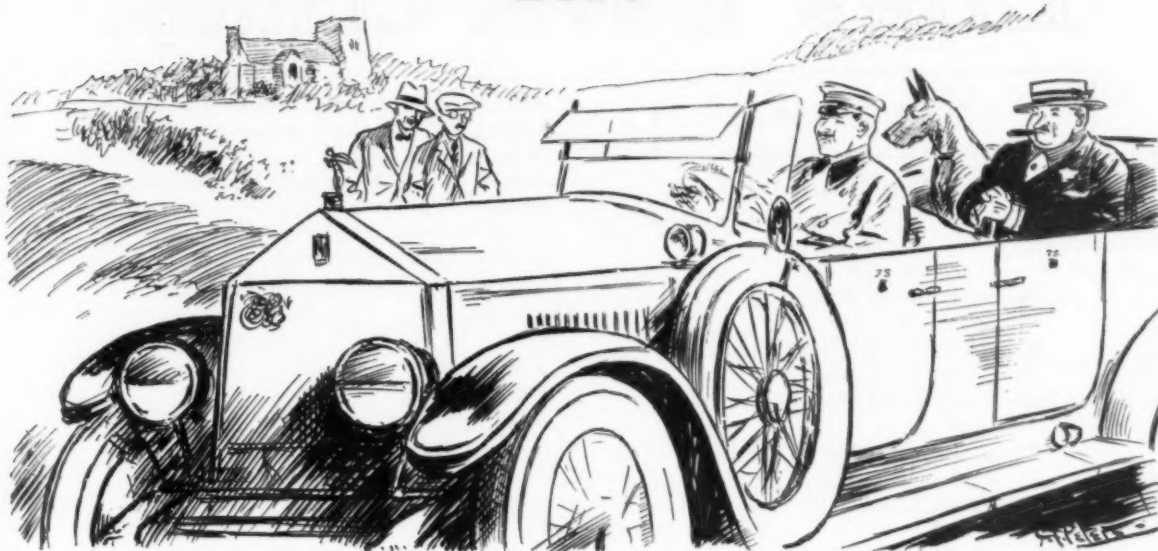
"Mrs. L. Savage, 25, 324 San Jose Avenue, San Francisco, is near death, her husband, Leon Savage, 26, has a fractured leg and broken ribs, while their six-months-old Henry escaped without hurts in an auto accident."

—Oakland (Cal.) Tribune-Sun.

"**FRANK CLARK BREAKS ARM CRACKING FORD**"

—Mason City (Ia.) Globe-Gazette.
Those little things are not so fragile as they look.

ABD-EL-KRIM has been relegated to an island in the Indian Ocean quaintly named Réunion. "Yes," commented Mr. **KRIM** sadly, when interviewed by a LIFE reporter, "me and who else?"



"I CAN REMEMBER HIM WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE CAR-FARE."

"HOW DID HE MAKE IT?"

"HE GOT THE STATE CONTRACT FOR PAINTING DETOUR SIGNS."

Mistaken Identity

LIKE Diogenes of old I have taken my lantern and searched, lo, these many years, for a man. But the object of my search, I have come to believe, is even rarer than that unique creature sought by my predecessor, an honest man. I have been looking for the man who poses for the collar ads.

I thought I had found him the other day. I was sitting at the confectionery counter of a downtown drug store when he entered and sat down at a stool near me. A carefully oiled and twisted mustachio emphasized the straight set of his mouth and chin and the square jaw behind them. His nose was strong and well formed. One look at his level eyes, as they bored into mine, and I could have sworn that my journey was ended. His collar was faultless, his necktie a riot of color. He wore a stylish Panama hat, from under which there showed two very precisely amputated sideburns.

Moving over nearer to him, I watched him intently as he sat, carelessly erect, ordering a glass of Coca-Cola. As his lips parted I could see two rows of even teeth, set like pearls in his handsome mouth.

From head to foot he appeared to meet my every condition. My brain swam with triumph. At last! I had come to believe that no man had ever lived to pose for the billboard

artists, that it was all a cruel jest, the mere imagination of a deceitful commercial drawer. But here he was, sitting right beside me. I fairly swooned.

O fool! To believe that all is gold that glitters! To think that the end of the rainbow can be attained, Pegasus harnessed. Vain is he who shall strive for the unobtainable. Foolish is the man who shall number the produce of his prize poultry specimen before the latter shall have functioned. My friend had taken off his hat.

His hair was parted on the side!
George C. Jordan.

Culinary Conversation

"THAT new cook of ours is a jewel—wasn't she?"



The Hen: YES, CHILD, THERE'S THE VERY ROOM YOU WERE BORN IN.

Song

BRING me not goldenrod
Nor clematis nor clover
Nor any flower of moss or sod
That heaven arches over,
Nor garden rose that lures the bee,
The ranging honey-reaver;
Bring me not goldenrod,
Because I have hay fever!

Arthur Guiterman.

If Summer Comes

IN response to many requests, a standard list of equipment to be carried into the refrigerated motion-picture houses is herewith furnished.

Six (6) flannel shirts.
Twelve (12) pairs of woolen socks.

One winter ulster.
One leather jacket.
Three (3) pairs of mittens.
One woolen tam-o'-shanter.

Patrons are advised to grease themselves thoroughly, using the grease employed by English Channel swimmers. A heavy fur coat may also be useful, though it is not necessary. The usual remedies for frostbite and chilblains are easy to take. Galoshes will not be needed, but a stout pair of high boots will be found very comfortable.

For those who expect to remain throughout the entire performance, a ration of pemmican is advised.

Edwin H. Blanchard.

Life's Travel Contest—

THE WINNERS

First Prize

(A six-weeks' trip to Europe with all expenses paid for two people)

won by **Howard Hosmer**
1910 Kalorama Road, Washington, D. C.

Second Prize (\$250 in Cash)

won by **C. G. Farwell**
204 Holly Avenue, Takoma Park, Maryland

Third Prize (\$150 in Cash)

won by **Frank Mulhauser**
197 Hot Springs Road, Santa Barbara, California

Fourth Prize (\$100 in Cash)

won by **Clare Connor**
7722 No. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
and **Mrs. Mabel Eaton Stewart**
19 Lufbery Avenue, New Brunswick, New Jersey

Fifth Prize (\$50 in Cash)

won by **Mary Isabel Wade**
2239 Helen Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
and **Elizabeth J. Lockard**
1415 N. Delaware Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

(No fifth prize was announced in this Contest, but the final decision was so close that the judges decided to make this special award. In the cases of the ties, the full amount of the prize is given to each of the tying contestants.)



Here Is the Winning Essay on "What I Shall See in Europe":

I SHALL see the places I saw eight years ago, touring afoot, as one of 40 Hommes, or as a buck on leave.

Le Havre ("Harve," as the A. E. F. knew it) and its suburban rest camp... The barnyard villages of the training area in Haute-Marne... The little church at Domremy and the hillsides on the Meuse where the voices spoke to Jeanne... Toul and the old home sector, stretching off toward Metz, with its ruined and half-ruined villages and red poppies, blooming in the barbed wire... Flirey, erstwhile abode of rats and snipers... Chaumont, G. H. Q., of pleasant post-Armistice memories.

Paris... The Place de la Concorde, bare now of rusty, battered trophies of war, and the effigy of Strasbourg, no longer speaking a warning of vengeance... The Tuileries and the summer concerts... St. Étienne du Mont, eternal spiritual bulwark against ancient and modern Huns... The view of the city from the Butte Montmartre... Versailles, glittering monument to human folly.

The chalk cliffs on the Kentish channel coast... Dover, no longer black and gloomy as when the guns roared across the straits... London, struggling with peace-time problems in the wake of war... The Strand... The Wren churches... The Inns of Court.

Edinburgh... Princes Street... The Castle... The Mile Walk... A look at Auld Reekie from Arthur's Seat... The Trossachs and the lochs.

Winchester and its cathedral and soft green countryside where also doughboys sojourned... Homeward from Southampton with a look at Spithead and the green shores of the Isle of Wight.

These are a few of the things I shall see on my next trip to Europe, which shall have as its object not so much the seeking of new impressions as the revivifying of old ones.

Howard Hosmer.



Joan Kinley Is Delighted At the Result

DEAREST EDITOR:

When I got back from my hectic trip through Europe and found all the answers to my letters, I was a very, very proud girl. I realized I was literally famous!

It was sort of discouraging to have everybody finding fault with my descriptions of what I'd seen when I had tried so hard to get things straight. But I do think it's perfectly inspiring the way every one went into this contest with both feet, so to speak, and when I said it would be educational I didn't exaggerate one bit—because I at least have learned so many things I didn't know before, particularly that Jupiter isn't visible from the Atlantic Ocean during May until nearly sunrise and that "Is Zat So?" was written by James Gleason and Richard Taber.

Well, I hope you'll congratulate the winner for me and tell him that if he hasn't made plans for a companion on his trip to Europe I'm perfectly wild to go back and see if there really is a padlock on the Arc de Triomphe. But I guess Mother wouldn't let me.

Anyway, thanks for the ocean-liner ride.

Your loving friend,

Joan Kinley

Joan Kinley's Letters from Europe Are Correct at Last !

WELL, it's all over but the touring. The prize-winners are announced herewith, and never was a LIFE competition more deservedly won.

The vast number of entries were read carefully by the judges and graded on the following scale: A (practically perfect); B (excellent); C (good); D (poor); E (hopeless). Approximately eighty-five per cent. were graded C or better, there being only a smattering of really bad manuscripts submitted. Many contestants took particular pains to dress their answers up with elaborate trimmings; it is interesting to note, however, that all the prize-winning answers were utterly devoid of frills.

ON the surface a sort of general knowledge examination, the Contest was actually an intelligence test of an unusual kind. Practically all the information required to correct Joan Kinley's letters, with the exception of the now famous "padlock on the Arc de Triomphe," could be obtained in any public library; the hard part was to present these facts in such a way that every one of her misstatements was fully corrected. Of all the entries received, not one set of corrections was absolutely perfect.

Joan's letters as they appeared in LIFE were probably the most inane aberrations of dumb sixteen that had ever been printed in this or any other paper (not counting the tabloids). Their very inanity, however, constituted a trap for the unwary-minded which very few were able to avoid successfully. A misstatement so obvious that it seemed hardly necessary to point it out was quite likely to involve a subtler inaccuracy. For instance, in her third letter Joan referred to Milton, "who wrote that 'Ode on First

Looking at Chapman's Homer.'" Here it was necessary to indicate not only that Keats wrote the poem, but that it is a sonnet, not an ode, and that the correct title is, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

Incidentally, one contestant pointed out that "Milton was blind and therefore could not 'look'"; another suspected a confusion with Gerald Chapman's life story in the New York Graphic, and a third remarked on the non-existence of baseball in Milton's day. Similar Joan Kinleyisms among the contestants were usually the result of a determination to make two mistakes grow where one was intended. An especially meticulous contestant listed as a correction, "Shakespeare is dead," and a lady in Cincinnati made a record list of 269 mistakes for the eight letters, yet overlooked two of the three French misspellings—"La Havre," "Mme. de la Pompadour," and "Place d'e Iéna."

AS to these misspellings, it was a nice question whether they should be classified as grammatical errors or as mistakes in the Contest sense. It was decided that, as they were not part of Joan's flapper vocabulary, they could properly be called Contest mistakes, along with the simple misspelling, "Lawrence" (instead of Laurence) Stallings—a slip very generally overlooked.

The most insidious of Joan's mistakes, however, was undoubtedly the little word "here" in her letter from

London in which she speaks of Stratford and the "cute little church" where Shakespeare is buried.

One contestant, by the way, stated that "There is no such play as 'Abie's Irish Rose.'"

IN the very difficult task of selecting the winners the judges had a standard in mind embodying concise and trenchant correction of all the real mistakes in Joan's letters, together with an essay on "What I Shall See in Europe" which should be something more than an itinerary in the manner of a travel folder.

The winning essay appears on the opposite page, but lack of space unfortunately prevents us from printing Mr. Hosmer's corrections to Joan's letters; his only mistakes were of a minor character. A folder containing the complete corrections to the eight letters will be forwarded to every contestant, together with announcement of the grade that his or her answer received.



Honorable Mention

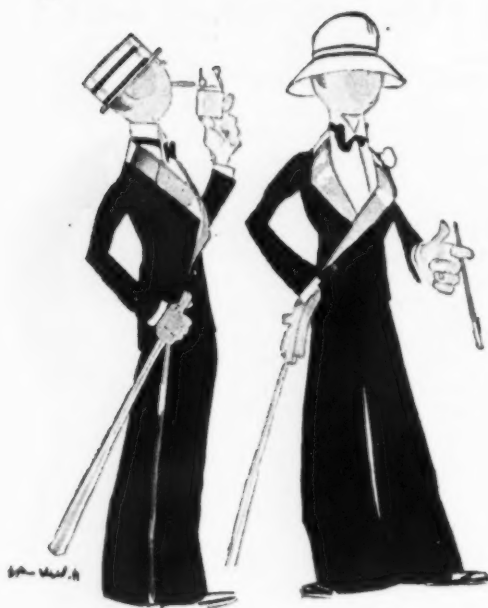
(The following contestants received a grade of A-minus or B-plus.)

F. E. Aitkins, Ryllis Alexander, E. P. S. Allen, Gwladys Allen, Margaret Allen, W. W. Alward, Mrs. Frazer Arnold, Frances E. Atchinson, Edward E. Baird, H. Bay, Rosemary Carr Benet, Frani Blough, Pauline Boisot, Marie Borough, Kenneth J. Boyer, Louise W. Bray, Cameron Briggs, Nathan Broder, E. E. Burgese, C. B. Burns.
Mrs. Walter Cahill, Mrs. Mary Callaghan, Roberta Chapman, A. B. Cheadle, Elizabeth W. Cleaveland, Leon L. Collyer, Mrs. F. Howell Colman, Helen E. Comins, Nell Cotnam, N. R. Crawford, Rosamund Crompton, Nelle A. Curry, Mrs. Susanna Y. Cushing, Alice H. Cyphers, E. K. Dalton, Mrs. Frank P. Deering, Dorothy Downer, Elizabeth Downer, Vida H. Dougherty, Frances

Duane, M. M. English, Amos A. Ettlinger, Claire Fellmeth, Armand K. Fidaire, L. H. Ford.

Cornelia E. Gardner, Mrs. Alice Garrett, Florence Geiseler, Ida P. Gershoy, Dorothy Virginia Graham, Lillian Ward Grant, Margaret E. Green, Rose B. Guenther, Agnes C. Hamann, John I. Hartman, Jean Hawthorne, Mrs. Ellicott Hewes, Gerald B. Hodgins, Mrs. F. J. Hokin, Edith Austin Holton, Nathan Honig, Gertrude Hooper, Oello Houston, Frederica Howell, F. L. Hunt, Marjorie Jenkins, Grace Jewett, Mrs. E. H. Johnson, Helen M. Johnson.

Miles H. Kastendieck, Blanche Kieckhoefer, Frances E. King, Edith L. Kraft, H. G. Kraft, Edith Leighton, Arthur
(Continued on page 36)



Adversity

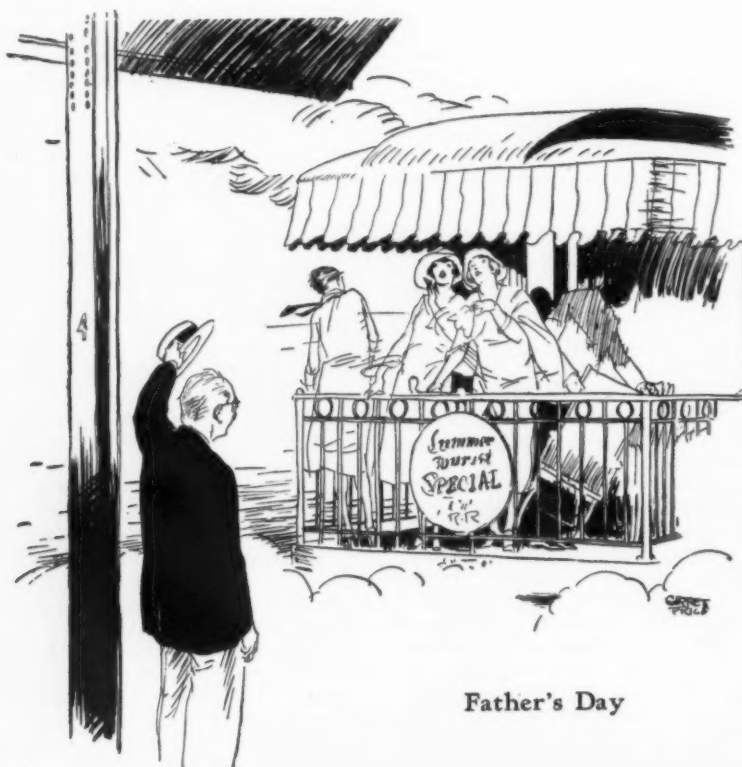
"HE WAS ONCE HONORED AND RESPECTED, WITH SCORES OF LOYAL, DEVOTED FRIENDS."

"DID BURGLARS GET IT OR DID HE DRINK IT ALL UP?"

SI: All your summer boarders gone?

HI: Yes, but one of 'em left me his bathing picture to laugh over.

MUSSOLINI now wants the Italian people to eat less spaghetti. Or, as we Americans put it, avoid foreign entanglements.



Father's Day

Dilemmas

WHEN girls were girls and women ladies,
In that dead age full ten years past,
To smoke was to embark for Hades,
To drink was to be labeled "fast."
But since they've equalized the sexes
Beyond male hope to disavow,
This thought an humble man perplexes—
How can you tell a lady now?

With barrooms gone to musty glory
And brass rails rusted in their glooms,
The old, all too familiar story
Is heard again in drawing-rooms.
Since open, unafraid psychoses
Parade, complacent as a cow,
And Freud is served in heaping doses—
What can you tell a lady now?

James Kevin McGuinness.

The Education of a Banker

In the Old Days:

Penmanship Drill.
Mental Arithmetic.
Compound and Simple Interest.
Double Entry Bookkeeping.
Advising Depositors on Finance.

In the New Era:

Target Practice.
Gas Mask Drill.
Detection of Counterfeit Currency.
First Aid Practice.
Camouflage in Payroll Delivery.
Armored Car Service.
What to Do Until the Policeman Comes.
Identification of Bandits.
How to Detect Forgeries.
Machine Gun Technique.
Burglar Insurance.
Hand Lifting.

Roy H. Fricken.

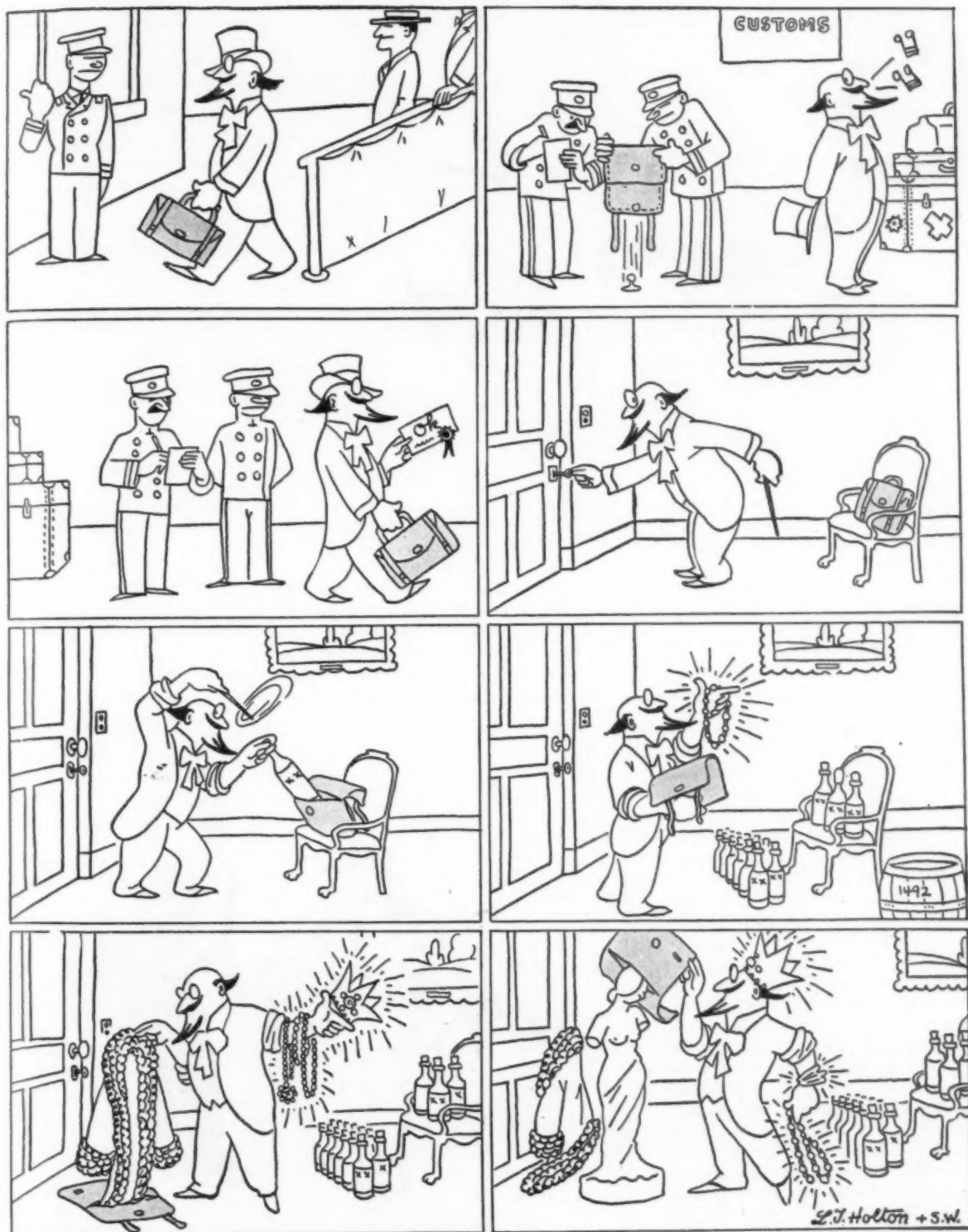
Still Coming

A YOUNG man came bursting into a crowded night club right in the midst of the evening's festivities. Walking up to the manager, he asked excitedly:

"Was this place raided to-night? I'm a reporter."

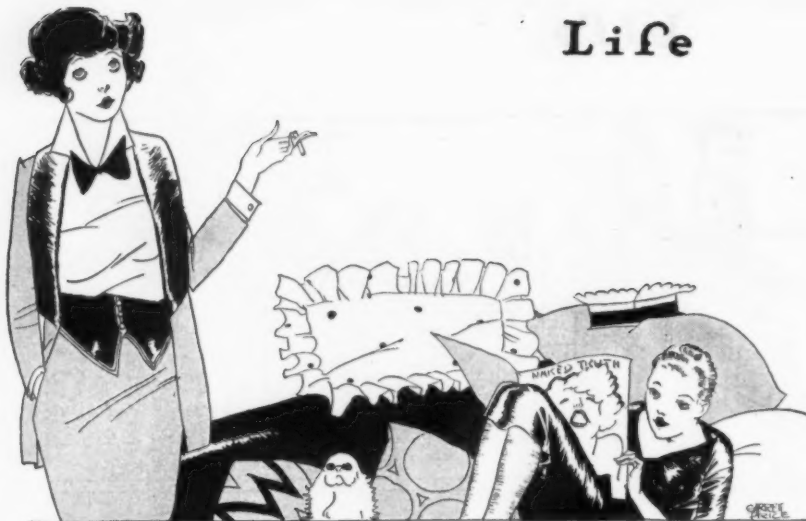
"Raided?" exclaimed the manager. "Certainly not. Does it look it?"

"All right, then," replied the bright young journalist in a relieved tone. "I'll wait."



The Magician Returns from Abroad

Life



"POOR JACK—HE HAD ALMOST DECIDED TO ASK AUDREY TO MARRY HIM, WHEN SHE SUED HIM FOR BREACH OF PROMISE."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July 14th A letter by the first post from Sallie Simpson telling me some of the comical bits in the American History examination papers which she did help to correct for the Colledge Entrance Board. One of the questions was, "What two people left Massachusetts and founded Rhode Island?" the answer anticipated being "Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson." But several of the candidates wrote down "Will Rogers," and one of them said "Roger Williams and Ann Pennington." Also a box come from my sister-in-law Dorothy, and in it was a Swiss barometer in the form of a wooden cottage out of whose door two children swing when the weather is to be fair and an old witch when it is not. So now mayhap I shall not have to interview the doorman as to how I shall array myself before setting forth. I do sincerely pray that we may have no more hot weather like that of last week, the intensity of which may be inferred from the gentleman who said that on one of the worst days he saw a dog chasing a cat and both animals were walking. But on that very day, the irony of life being what it is, the artificial breeze which we create in our house by an arrangement of doors was so strong that it dragged from a shelf the old Florentine canvas which I do prize so greatly, the impact with a chair arm making a great rip in the raiment of the Madonna. So now I

must look to its repair, in living exemplification that life is indeed just one damned thing after another, albeit I daresay I should rejoice for having gone seven days without losing a watch crystal.... Ada G. did come upon me unawares this afternoon, for had she been announced I had not received her, and she did
(Continued on page 34)

Seven Stages in the Development and Decline of Literacy

1. PICTURES chiseled on stone.
2. Letters baked in brick.
3. Writing on papyrus.
4. Invention of the printing press.
5. The world flooded with books, newspapers, mail-order catalogues, etc., etc.
6. Appearance of tabloid picture papers and gradual disuse of print to communicate ideas.
7. Discovery that crossed legs (female) are a substitute for words in any language.

Elias Lieberman.

20th Century Folks

MOTHER (to small daughter): Helen, have you been smoking my cigars again?

HELEN: I only took two, Mother.

MOTHER: Well, young lady, just for that you go to bed without any gin to-night.

CONTEMPLATING (as who isn't?) the rising cost of vote-buying in this free country, it is easy to understand what is meant by the expression, "the dear public."



Federal Agent: SAY, BUDDY, WHERE CAN I GET A DRINK?
Night Clubman: SEARCH ME!



"MISTER, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET IT OUT?"
 "DON'T KNOW—IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD."
 "WELL, IF YOU DON'T, CAN I HAVE IT?"

A Vacation Nightmare

THE night before his vacation was to begin, Smith had a terrible nightmare.

He dreamed of Herculean struggles with mobs in railway and ferry terminals, in the cars, on the trains—struggles from which he emerged a much-wilted victor, battered and bruised.

He gasped and struggled as he dreamed of passing through long tunnels where the fumes of soft-coal smoke clutched his lungs and tweaked his eyelids with black, sooty fingers.

He dreamed of arriving, finally, at the seashore, and of being overwhelmed on his first day at the beach by a great fire-god which seared his flesh with all the torments of Hades and left him raw and sore and as red as a parboiled lobster.

He dreamed of suffocating in his own bed; of struggling frantically against the oppression of heat he had come so many miles to escape. He beheld himself at the mercies of the refined ban-

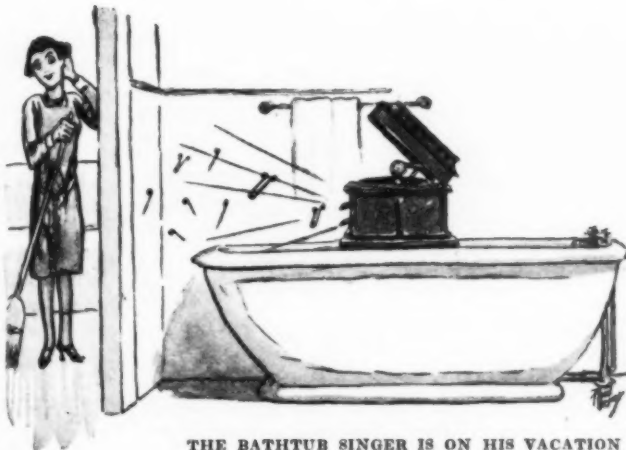
ditry which infested his hotel and by smile and gesture relieved him of his pelf.

He dreamed of writhing in torment induced by poorly cooked foods consumed at the wrong hours. He saw himself, as the days passed, becoming a physical wreck in the very haven he had chosen as the spot to regain bodily health and vigor.

Fagged and weary after his dream ordeal, Smith awakened early on the first day of his vacation, hurriedly packed his grips, and rushed away.

He caught the train to the seashore.

E. E. Garrison.



THE BATHTUB SINGER IS ON HIS VACATION

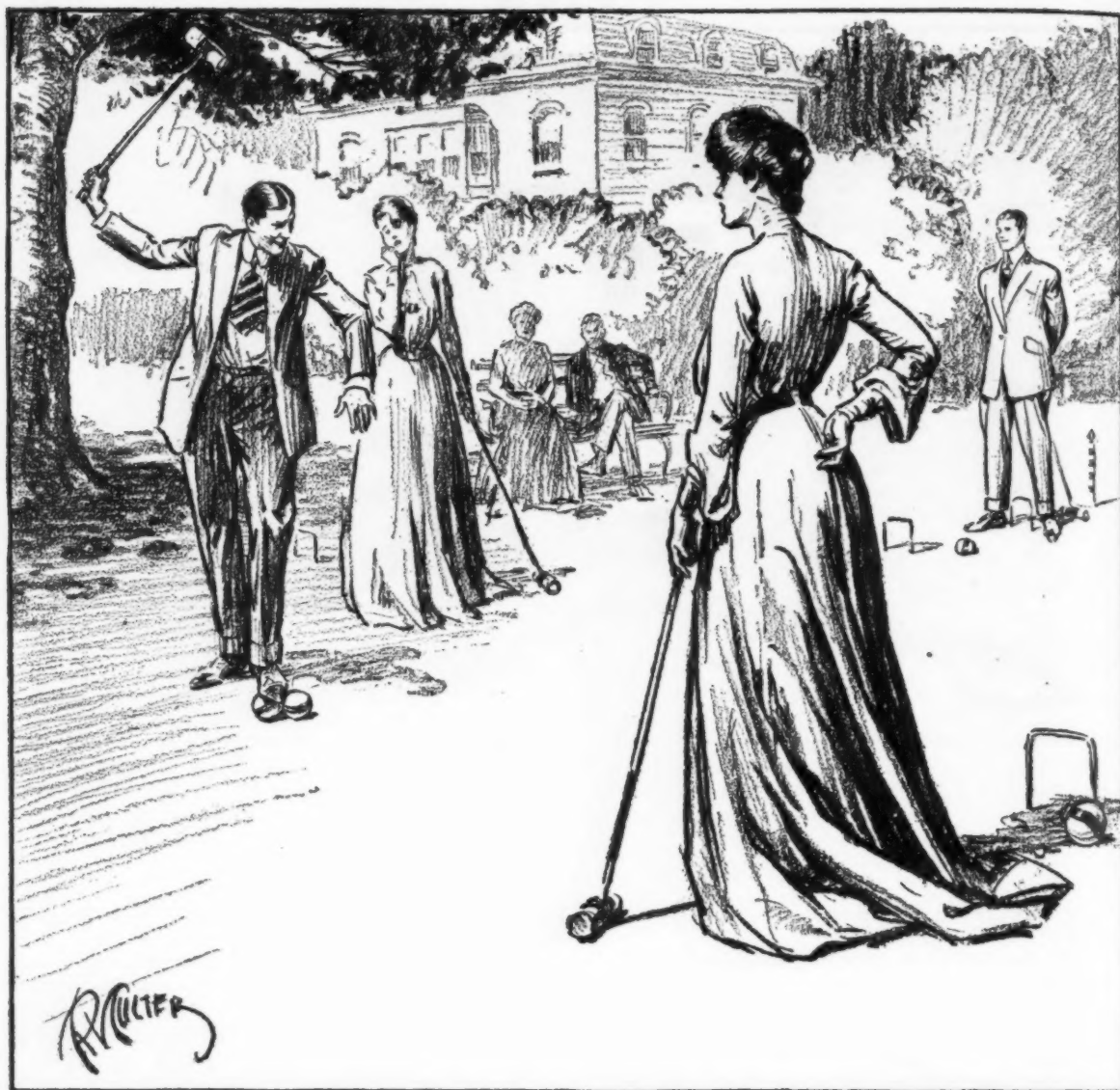
Left It All

BREATHLESS HUNTER: I just met a big bear over in the woods.

GUIDE: Did you give him both barrels?

"Both barrels! I let him have the whole gun."

A JEW'S Harp—Abie's Irish Rose.



The Gay Nineties

THE STYLES OF THE DAY SOMETIMES PROVED A FACTOR IN THE POPULAR GAME OF CROQUET. FOR INSTANCE, THE MODISH LADY IN THE FOREGROUND, IN STROLLING ABOUT AWAITING HER TURN TO PLAY, HAS HAPPENED TO DRAG HER SKIRT ACROSS THE BALL, LEAVING IT—BY THE MEREST PRANK OF FATE—IN A MUCH BETTER POSITION FOR HER NEXT WICKET.

A Strictly American Lexicon

MEAN-YOU. 1, *noun*. Bill-of-fare.
2, *pronoun*. We.
sasspriller, *noun*. Drink made from a root.
cramberry, *noun*. A fruit.
lie-berry, *noun*. A room for books.
prezentment, *noun*. A premonition.
mis-cheevy-us, *adj.* Naughty.
ik-sep. 1, *verb*. Accept. 2, *prep.* Except.
sor, *verb*. Pluperfect of "see."

seen, *verb*. Past tense of "see."
"Have you ever *sor* 'Lay Bo-heem'?"
"Yeh, I *seen* it yesdy."
Willard Huntington Wright.

Oral Test

TEACHER: Take four out of five and what do you have, Tommy?
TOMMY: Pyorrhea, ma'am.

Young Man Wanted

WHEN Jim Cray took charge of his father's business, he put old Tom Bridges right out on the street.

"He's spent thirty years behind a prescription counter," Jim says. "What does he know about running a drug store?"

FAMILIARITY also breeds content.

Rhymed Reviews

Show Business

By Thyra Samter Winslow. Alfred A. Knopf.

ST. LOUIS claims her humble birth;
Yet Helen Taylor's first arena
Wherein to test what men are worth
Was super-Grundified Medina.

For reasons hard to comprehend
The neighbors held her much below them
And said, "She'll come to no good end!"
But Helen's heart replied, "I'll show them!"

She left the town when scarce eighteen.
Her mother's maxim, fairly heeded,
"Be good and keep your dresses clean,"
Was all the principles she needed.

In tawdry shows she learned the shifts
And strategies of traveling mummers—
The art of grafting meals and gifts
From business men and sporty drummers.

And since there isn't any space
For words like "fail" in youth's thesaurus,
Her charm and beauty won a place
In Gotham's most important chorus.

Besieged by gay aristocrats
Or wealthy rakes, the maid rejected
Their cozy little furnished flats;
At least she meant to be respected.

But when a threatening heart affair
Had warned her not to love too blindly,
She wed a nearly-millionaire,
A decent chap; she'll treat him kindly.

O stage-struck maids, employ yourselves
In office tasks or household duties!
O youths, peruse your five-foot shelves
And don't go chasing chorus beauties!

Arthur Guiterman.

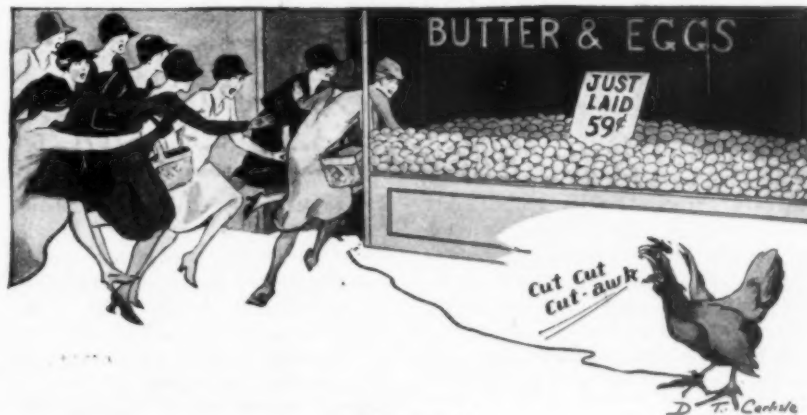


Just in Time

Doorman: LOOK OUT, BOSS! THE REVENUE OFFICERS ARE COMING.
"EMPTY THE CASH DRAWER!"

A COURT recently acquitted a wife of charges of assault with intent to kill with a skillet. A skillet, evidently, is not a deadly weapon unless used by a woman for cooking purposes.

The Younger Married Set
"AREN'T the Smiths celebrating their wedding anniversary tonight?"
"Yes. It's their gin wedding, I think."



Salesmanship



AUGUST 5, 1926

VOL. 23. 2283

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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terest and inspection to Europeans who come and observe and go home and remark. Most of them are good-natured about it, especially the English writers, and some of them are amusing, as was lately Mr. Henry Nevison in the Farewell to America which he confided to the *Athenæum*, and still more recently Mr. J. B. Priestley, writing in the (London) *Saturday Review* and copied in the *Living Age*.

Mr. Nevison makes some mistakes, as when he speaks of this as "the land where strangers say 'Glad to meet you, sir,' and really seem glad," whereas we all know and some of us regret that most of them say, "Pleased to meet you, sir." But probably they are pleased, remarkable as Mr. Nevison seems to think it. Another Englishman to talk to is to them partly a new source of information, and partly what another world to conquer might have been to Alexander. The Yankee brother, seeing his cousin sitting in that semi-darkness in which he so greatly thrives, swells immediately with a missionary impulse to fetch him light and he fetches it out of whatever supply he may have, swapping, if possible, according to the dictates of his nature and gathering to himself for consideration such notions as he finds the cousin possessed of.

"Good-by, Americans!" exclaims Mr. Nevison at the end of all his

jibes. "I am going to a country very much like yours. I am going to your spiritual home."

AS for Mr. Priestley, he admits that he has not yet penetrated the actual United States and that his knowledge of Americans has been gathered in London, where he has seen and met them abundantly. He is all kind words and compliments—nearly all—but he makes a curious observation. "The fact is," he says, "that Americans never seem to me real people at all. They are as unreal as Chinamen, but as they look and talk like real people, I think of them as a kind of magnificent automata." So feeling, he has a mind to come here and view the Americans at home, and he thinks of such a visit as a colossal adventure, "because either the people would gradually become real, one after another surprisingly developing mind and soul," or he would find himself the one real person among millions of automata and would "probably turn solipsist in the end."



LET us hope that Mr. Priestley will take the adventure. He deserves it (bed, board, bathroom, a toothbrush and motor-car thrown in) for having detected the truth in two particulars. He sees the unreality of American visitors to Europe and suspects their unreality at home. Of course, Americans in London, like travelers generally, are only about as real as fish out of water, but if we

are unreal even at home, it only means that we are more nearly up-to-the-date than other people. Does Mr. Priestley consider this a real world that we live in now, this world of wireless, war debts and bobbed hair? Nonsense! It's a mere reflection; a screen on which pictures are thrown out of the invisible. We who walk about are the characters in those pictures. That's how real we are. The real brains that make the world go and the characters move in the picture are back there out of sight, turning the crank that keeps the picture moving. News of accidents here costing hundreds of lives leaves Mr. Priestley quite unmoved. Many newspaper readers will recognize in that their own experience.

And yet, movie characters though we are, we still seem to have free will, are accountable more or less for our actions, and seem expected to rise above our environments and be masters of our fate. A large order that, but avoidable only at our peril.



TWO Americans who have lately died might have given Mr. Priestley a livelier sense of reality than he has gathered from Americans in London. One was Cleveland Dodge; the other, John W. Weeks. At Mr. Dodge's funeral they sang, "For All the Saints That from Their Labors Rest," and for all that Mr. Dodge was so rich and of such impeccable respectability there must be pretty general concurrence of opinion that the hymn was appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Dodge, friend and life-long backer of Woodrow Wilson, was the outstanding saint of the Democratic Party. Others poured money freely into the Democratic treasury, but where was there another who brought to it, besides his copious dollars, such spiritual backing as he did?

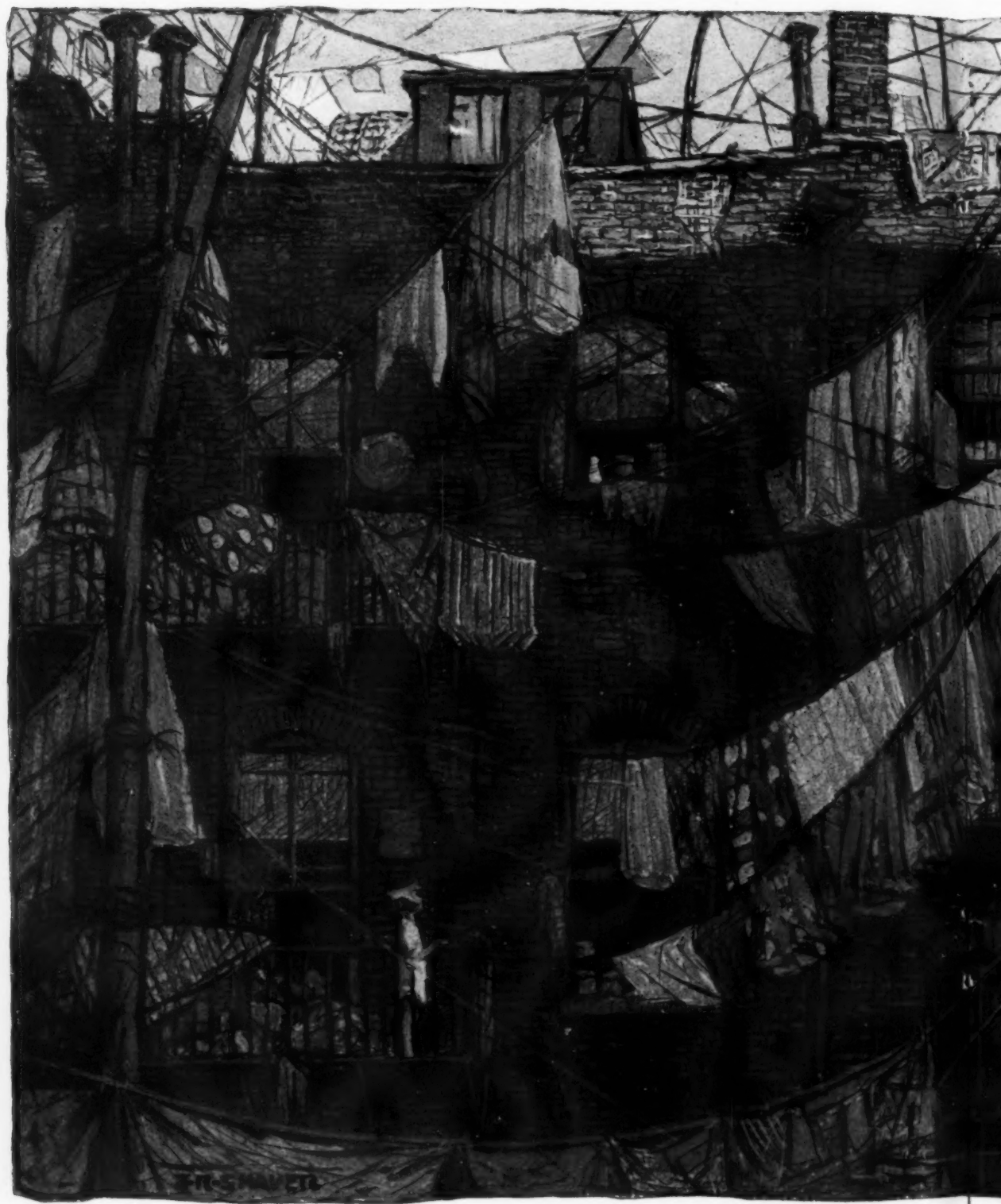
As for Mr. Weeks, the testimonials that followed his departure were remarkable. He was not so widely or well known as Mr. Dodge nor so identified with the support of evangelistic enterprises. But in New England, where he had lived, people knew him as a man of first-class ability and character, devoted to the public service and to righteousness in and out of it. He can qualify, it seems, as a Republican saint.

E. S. Martin.



What Price Democracy?

Life



The Skyline of N

Life



ne of New York

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—Crystal Herne in an excellent play about a woman who thought that she was sitting pretty, but who had neglected the heart-interest.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—With the aid of masks and a little confusion, Eugene O'Neill has presented a drama of man's double existence which ranks as "important."

Kongo. *Biltmore*—Everything that is supposed to go on in South Africa, and then a few more things added just to excite you.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The career of a colored courtesan, working between Harlem and Paris, vitally portrayed by Lenore Ulric and assisted by Henry Hull.

Sex. *Daly's*—Not sexy enough to be different.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Shubert*—Florence Reed as the proprietress of a Chinese brothel who has a fine time getting even with her guests.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—If that little man with the ulster doesn't go away, we will send for the police. One can be too tolerant of such things. He is already signaling to friends of his outside, all of them with ulsters that come 'way down to the ground, hiding their feet. Suppose they have no feet! It is high time that we began to scream.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—What seems to be a popular version of the sanctimonious-crook play.

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—Considerable confusion in a London boarding-house productive of considerable entertainment.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Pretty unpleasant display of sex-stirrings.

Honest Liars. *Harris*—To be reviewed later.

Is Zat So? *Forty-Sixth St.*—Nothing seems to make much difference to this epic of American tough talk.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Good enough, if "good enough" is what you want.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes in the old Maude Adams rôle—and why not?

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—To be reviewed later.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—More laughs in succession than anywhere else in town, kindness of the Marx Brothers.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—Inside stuff cleverly handled by the Juniors.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White in a good musical comedy.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Half-strength satirical revue.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—Elaborately physical exhibition, with occasionally something else.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—A revival *de luxe* of our favorite Gilbert and Sullivan.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—Not much but dancing.

Nic-Nax of 1926. *Cort*—To be reviewed later.

The Merry World. *Imperial*—Generally satisfactory revue featuring English comedians and Shubert effects.

My Magnolia. *Mansfield*—To be reviewed later.

A Night in Paris. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A show which taxes nothing but your eyesight.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—George White's biggest and best, with Ann Pennington, Willie Howard, Harry Richman, Tom Patricola, et al.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue and many other stars in an old show which has no need to fear the new ones.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Real operetta.

Ziegfeld's Revue. *Globe*—In spite of being billed as "clean," this show, with James Barton, Rae Dooley and Moran and Mack, is a good evening's entertainment.

From a Club Chair

I DON'T know what dramatists ever would have done for a second act if it hadn't been for the Ten Commandments.

* * *

The English system of government is perfectly balanced. They have an upper class to make the laws, a lower class to break them and a middle class to do neither.

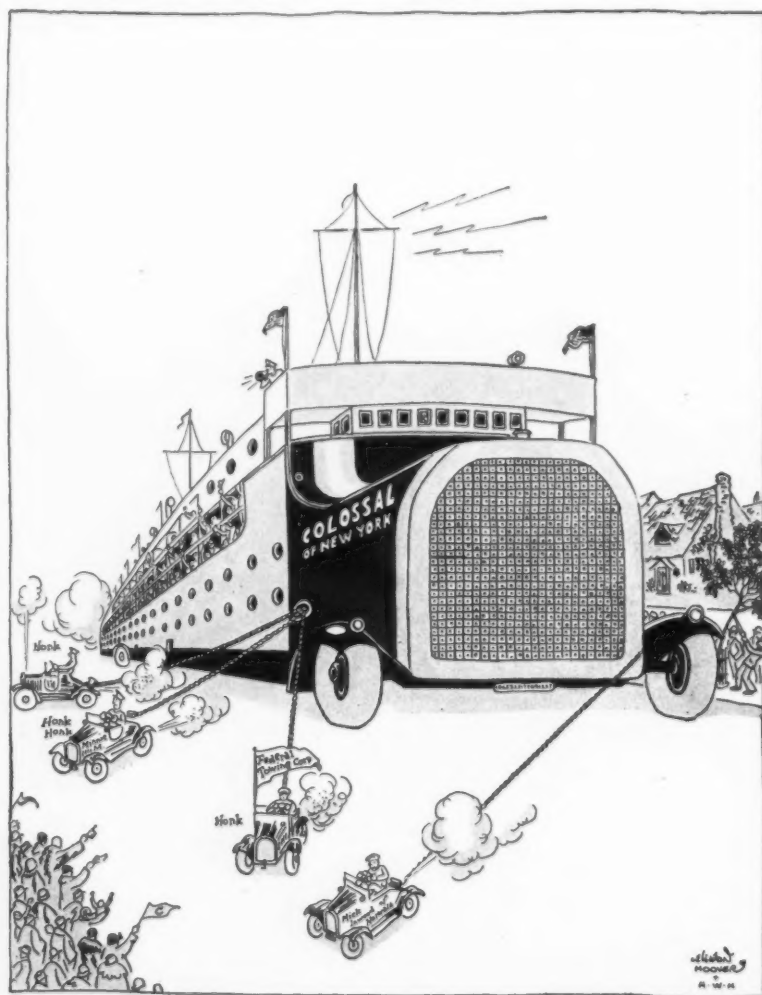
* * *

It occurs to me that the millennium will have arrived when our statesmen realize that it is not the radical who makes revolutions, but the conservative.

* * *

You may win a woman with flattery, but she differs from a man in that it requires something more substantial to keep her.

James Kevin McGuinness.



WARPING THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL LAND GREYHOUND INTO THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY FOR HER MAIDEN TRIP.



The Messrs. Minsky, Moral Agents

THOSE who feel that our drama has come upon evil days, and that there is no health in us, should take a trip down to Houston Street and Second Avenue, where the National Winter Garden (né Minsky's Burlesque) upholds the standard of highly moral entertainment. Summer is perhaps not the ideal season for burlesque shows, what with one thing and another, but when it is a question of spiritual refreshment, a little democratic crowding and tobacco smoke don't seem very important.

ASBESTOS

OVER the proscenium at the National Winter Garden is the following (in quotation marks): "The Show's the Thing," with credit given to "Wm. Shakespeare." Nothing could be fairer than that. Within these precincts "the show" certainly is the thing. And no funny business about it, either. There are none of your imported doo-dabs from Paris, no trick curtains or big electrical effects. There are the "National Winter Garden Rosebuds," a little group of earnest comedians, and the "National Winter Garden Rosebuds" again.



THE "Rosebuds" strike the dominant academic note of the whole affair when they appear in the opening chorus representing several of our more advanced institutions of learning. *Columbia*, carrying the symbolism through, is the largest of the "Rosebuds," but *Princeton's* sweater fits a little more precisely. Owing probably to some last-minute disagreement with the rules committee, Harvard is not represented, but *Yale* is there in what might be termed "full force," and very fine and handsome she is, too. Lobby gossip had it that she was the original model for the Yale Bowl.



BUT it is not so much what the Rosebuds do that gives the show its touch of distinction; it is how they do it. The Rosebuds are not the puppets of any one director. Each Rosebud is for herself. She has individuality. If she wants to do a tap-dance while her neighbor is doing the rhythmic knee-dip, she does a tap-dance. Somebody else in the line is doing a tap-dance, anyway.

And there is none of this forced smiling that choruses

in the uptown shows are under contract to display while dancing. If a Rosebud feels like smiling, she may, but if, in her mind, her work is more important, if the particular steps which she has chosen to execute at that particular moment call for her undivided attention, she sets her lips, watches her feet and leaves the artificial smile for the dilettante dancers whose hearts are not in their work.

From a hasty survey of those who did smile, however, we should say that, compared with burlesque choruses of five years ago, the gold-teeth vogue for milady is on the wane.



BUT the moral tone of the National Winter Garden strikes full and clear in the big spectacular number, entitled "His Satanic Majesty." Here, instead of the shameless pageants of the uptown revues, where the progress of Butterfly from tadpole to cocoon, or Famous Cut-Flowers of History, can be transformed into a gorgeous parade of sinful stimuli—here we find the theme almost evangelical, the Wages of Sin and the Nobility of Honest Labor.

In this parade we see the Selfish Banker, the Gilded Youth, the Scarlet Woman, all passing in revue before the Master Sinner himself, and all reaping the harvest of Death immediately on reaching the wings. But the Working Man, with dinner-pail and pipe, is deaf to the whisperings of the Fiend, and he alone passes on to his reward, confounding the Forces of Evil amid thunderous applause.

It is either very moral, or else U. S. Steel Corporation anti-Bolshevik propaganda. We can't make out which.



A SAMPLE of how facts are faced at the National Winter Garden may be found in one of the song hits of the show. Where Mr. Berlin would give us "At Peace with the World," and Mr. White, "This Is My Lucky Day," the realists at Houston Street and Second Avenue make Art imitate Life with "I Had You, I Lost You, I Found You, Only to Lose You Again." No compromise here, my masters!

Robert Benchley.



The Cat's Comeback

"THAT'S FRANK'S NEW WIFE. HE MET HER AT A NIGHT CLUB."
"HE DID? HE OUGHT TO HAVE THAT PLACE RAIDED."

En Route

Willie's Bill of Fare

ANNANDALE	...One Banana
ForvilleIce Cream Cone
Glen LakeHot Dog
Mound CityHam Sandwich
ParkerChocolate Bar
Fine HillOrange and Apple
BayviewHot Dog
LakeviewPop and Peanuts
Home"I'm hungry, Mother!"



The Heart of a Clown

This Delicious Mystery

I CAN'T understand why the New York boys are opposed to Prohibition. Observing the pleasure they get out of leading their country visitors down into dark areaways, ringing doorbells at grilled basement entrances, and being recognized by mysterious persons who peep out at them, I cannot imagine why they should want to go back to ordinary public and legal barrooms. This way they can give the impression of knowing the town.

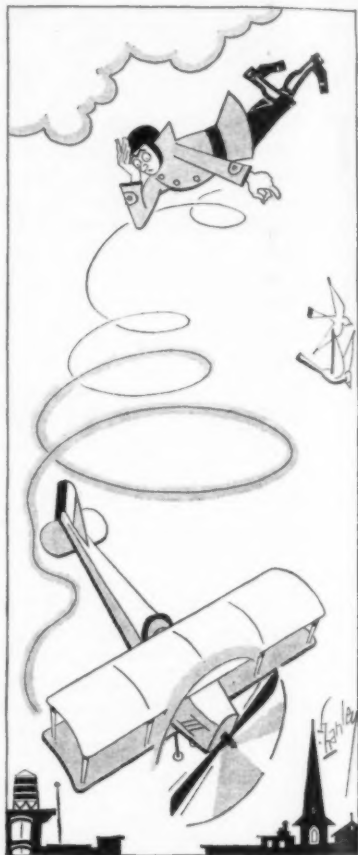
So far as the country visitors can tell, the liquor sold in these concealed and exclusive dinner places is just about as good as one gets in the interior cities without any of the mystery. It is a little more expensive, of course, but as the relative or friend usually claims the check after a slight struggle it does not cost the New York boy much.

McC. H.

FlordeHabana

THE botanist showed the young girl a tobacco plant in bloom.

"How interesting," said she. "And when are the cigars ripe?"



"DARN IT, THERE GOES THE MACHINE. NOW HOW'LL I EVER GET DOWN?"

Hanging Committee

AGATHA: Laura is getting terribly high-hat, my dear. She had her hair permanently waved and then had her portrait done.

HARRIETT: Her family say it reminds them of pictures in the National Gallery.

AGATHA: Yes, and her friends say it reminds them of pictures in the National Geographic.

Field and Stream

"I HAVE just been reading in the paper," observed the outdoor man, "about the wonderful catches of salmon in the Northwest."

"Yeh," said the city sportsman, "I suppose some big league club will sign him up."



THE PRESIDENT TAKES A QUIET DAY'S FISHING AWAY FROM ALL THE CROWDED PUBLIC LIFE OF THE CAPITAL.

The Anti-Saloon League Goes Shopping

NOW, let's see, what have you for me this morning, Mr. Wheeler—something *nice*, you know? Representatives? Oh, dear, I bought some Representatives just the other day and they didn't turn out so well. Didn't seem as peppery as those you used to get for me. Somehow, this year's crop...

You haven't any *nice* Federal Judges you could let me have, have you? No? What a shame! We've been looking forward to getting some Federal Judges for such a long time! Do you think you'll ever have any more in stock? Oh, dear! Nothing seems the same this year as I've been accustomed to.

Senators? Well, I might try a few. Of course, I have some in the house now, but you never can get too many. They're so *handy* to have around, you know, in case anybody should drop in unexpectedly.

What are they—Westerns or the local product? Westerns only? Oh, my goodness, Mr. Wheeler, it *does* seem as if you could sell me *something* that hasn't been in cold storage since gracious knows when! Why, I

can remember the good old days when I used to grow perfectly splendid Senators right in my own back yard! Lately, though, they've been just wretched. They've all gone positively sour on me at my little places in New York and New Jersey and even those I sent for from Delaware and Pennsylvania were just too *terrible*!

How is the quality of the New England variety? Only indifferent? Oh, I *am* disappointed.

Well, since I can't get anything better, I suppose you might as well

wrap me up half a dozen *nice* Western Senators and *please* see that they're good and ripe. Not so ripe, though, that they'll spoil right away, because I may want to keep them for quite a while. Now what *did* I do with my change purse?

Ten thousand dollars each? Why, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Wheeler! Why, that's *awfully* dear. Why, I can remember... Oh, well, I suppose I'll have to pay. Seems as if there isn't any freedom at *all* these days...

Tip Bliss.

NOW YOU
TELL ONE

"WE motorists like to pay the road tax because we believe every cent we pay will be used for better roads."

Why Not Modernize Business?

EMPLOYMENT MANAGER (to *feminine applicant*): We'll pay you five pairs of chiffon stockings a week to start, Miss Guimpe, and if you make good we'll raise you two facials and a wave at the end of six months.

THE most attractive thing about the short skirt is what the short skirt isn't about.



MIDSUMMER days are dull ones in the book market. At the time of writing, it is a trifle early to speak of what advance copies of a few high lights in fall fiction have unfolded, and so the opening guns this week might as well be fired in honor of that school in which gentlemen are found dead in their libraries on the first or second page.

"The Red House Mystery," by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*), is considerably better written than the average mystery story, as you might, from its author's name, imagine it to be. The author states frankly in his preface that he has tried to write it in English, which, being interpreted, means that its villains simply get out of a room instead of effecting egresses. Moreover, the love interest is so slender that half of it is sent to London in the first chapter and never again appears in person. But inasmuch as none of us cares much about the influence of Walter Pater on contemporary style when we are being led along a secret passage which may

possibly contain a Missing Person, dead or alive, it is only fair to Mr. Milne to say that he has not let his literary performance interfere with the march of his plot. The reader goes eagerly along with the hero, who happens to be the ideal amateur, and when he gets to the point where *Cayley's* head moves in the croquet box—well, if you are anything like me, you will be glad you do not live alone in a dark house on a high hill.

NO less an expert than G. K. Chesterton admits in the preface to "The Wrong Letter," by Walter S. Masterman (*Dutton*), that its dénouement fooled him completely, albeit if he had seen a few American stage thrillers, in which the least-suspected member of the cast turns out to have the blackest heart, his befuddlement might not have been so perfect. Our old friends from Scotland Yard figure in this tangle, giving the usual evidence that they are much less competent to catch scoundrels and bring them to justice than the average ten-year-old child would be.

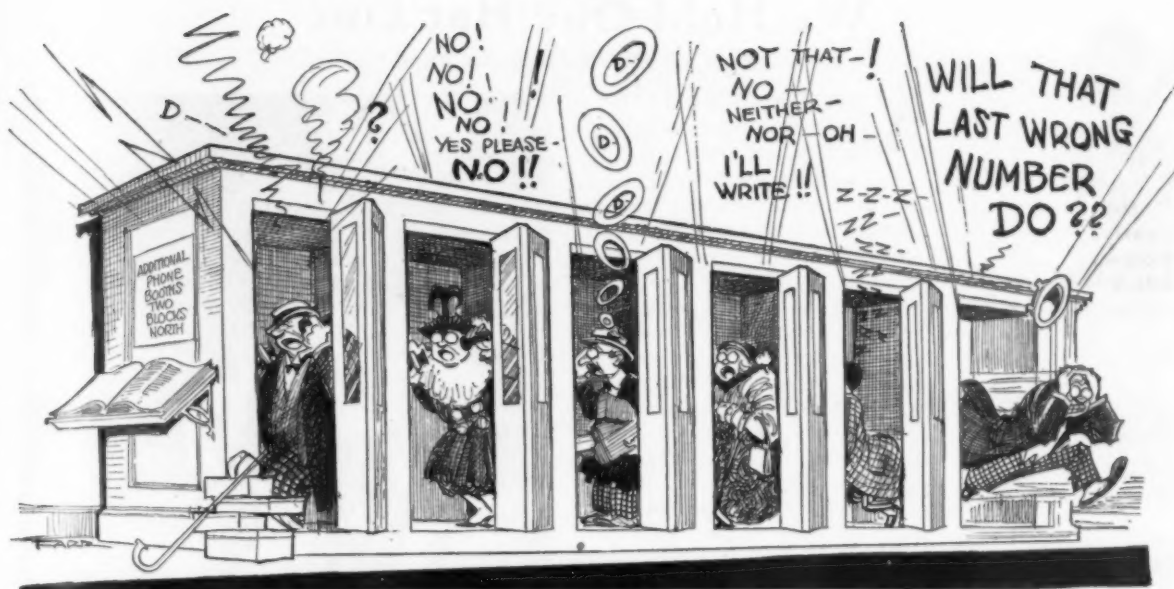
But the crime is a swell one, what with the old housekeeper saying one thing one minute and another the next, and everything, so I can cheerfully commend this yarn to those minds of momentous affairs which get their relaxation from detective stories.

"THE Lost Pearl," by Francis Grierson (*Clode*), is all about a ring which was stolen from the British Museum by a Central American matron whose religious fanaticism considerably outstripped that of Alice Brady in "Bride of the Lamb." Scotland Yard, subtle poisons, retired army officers and various other regulation ingredients make up the mixture of mystery, and although the plot is a bit more preposterous than people who carry identification cards in their wallets might care for, I confess to reading it to the finish.

If you happen to be going in wholesale for this sort of thing, don't overlook "The Viaduct Murder," by Ronald A. Knox (*Simon & Schuster*).
(Continued on page 32)



PECULIAR BEHAVIOR OF MR. SPONDEE, THE POET, WHO IS ACCUSTOMED TO DINE
AT A ONE-ARM LUNCH.



THE CALL OF THE WILD

Jonesville's Anniversary

"I SEE you're going to have a centennial," remarked the gray-haired traveling salesman to the clerk in the Hotel New Trianon, formerly the Smith House, Jonesville. "Every town fifty years old ought to have its centennial; then, in another ten years or so, it can have a sesqui. By figuring its age the same way it estimates its population, Jonesville can be old enough to let the fast young married set of the town feel all Colonial."

"When I first started making Jonesville thirty years ago, long before the Mastodon Hotels Corporation bought this house from old Eph Smith and installed the State's first coffee shoppe, the town was about twenty-five years old. So it'll be good and ripe for a centennial in another year."

"I wish if you're talking to any members of the Centennial Committee you'd suggest that a feature of the celebration should be Old Smith House Day, with Mrs. Eph Smith installed in the New Trianon kitchen to turn out a memorial meal, one of the kind they used to sell for fifty cents. Another fine event on the program would be the execution in the public square of the inventor of the modern coffee shoppe waffle, if he hasn't fled the country."

"If those numbers are on the pro-

gram I'll certainly come to Jonesville during the centennial and bring a special trainload of members of the traveling men's association."

McCready Huston.

War-Torn

"IS Florida expecting many tourists next year?"

"Certainly; it's planning to advertise last year's battle grounds."



Bandit: I'M FED UP ON DESE NEWS SHEETS. DEY'RE GETTIN' T'BE NUT-TIN' BUT TRADE PAPERS!

The Sport of the Thing

BOXING championships are won in the ring and lost in the movies.

* * *

When they are knocked down and in danger of losing their tempers, some fighters find it an excellent practice to count ten before they arise.

* * *

Ringside spectators are nearly all gluttons for punishment.

* * *

Managers are the patriotic manufacturers of warfare in the ring. The more fighting there is, the greater their profit.

* * *

There may be nothing significant in the fact, yet it is worthy of notice that you never see a boxing promoter wearing a cauliflower ear.

* * *

The voice of the people is the voice of the gallery gods.

* * *

Nowadays, champions do their road work in limousines.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Flapper Flippancy

ONE-half of me would be a saint, The other half a sinner; And I will utter no complaint, Whichever part's the winner.

Life

We Hold Our Hat Out

A Plea for LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund



THINK OF PLAYING
BALL WITHOUT A GLOVE
IN SIGHT!

A PHILANTHROPIC heart is a luxury easily bought and paid for.

You want one—you always have wanted one—but you have imagined that you had to be a millionaire before you could afford it.

You're wrong! Absolutely!

Don't wait until your ship comes in, or until that stock goes up, or until the cash register checks right before you invest in this most human and unselfish of all the luxuries—a philanthropic heart.

You have a right to one as well as the next fellow! If that be socialism, make the most of it! But—

Buy one to-day!

Buy one this morning, while the air is all sparkling and crystalline and you feel that life is beginning afresh once more, and you know that your heart must be made to match the day and the new hopes!

Buy one this afternoon, when the heat, simmering in the brown bowl of the fields and under drooping trees, makes you thank God for your own well-conditioned life, and you are quickened with pity for the poor little children who pant and weep and suffer through a long summer in the terrible slums of a great city!

Buy one this evening, when under the yellow stars of midsummer you have an attack of that "tender feeling" which seizes us all at times and which we seldom admit to any but ourselves.

Buy a philanthropic heart! Buy it by sending some needy child of our Heartbreak Streets to the country. Out of the tenements, into the fields! And you can do this.



THE DUST OF THE CITY IS QUICKLY SHAKEN OFF WHEN
HIKERS HIT THE LONG BROWN JERSEY TRAILS.

LIFE's Camps for Needy Children—one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.—need your help. The Camps, maintained by LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, are waiting with open arms for the children that your philanthropic heart may send.

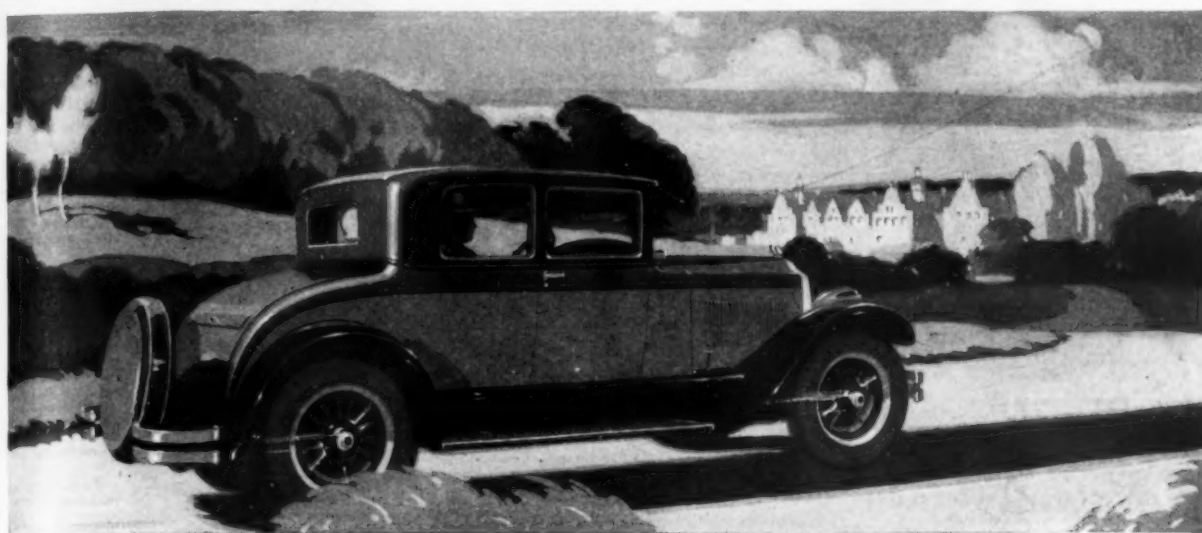
Don't turn away from our need—their need—your opportunity!

Twenty dollars (\$20) pays, approximately, for one child at either Camp for eighteen gorgeous days. More than that will be true philanthropy by which more than

(Continued on page 28)



SOMETHING NEW AT BRANCHVILLE IS THE OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL FOR GIRLS.



The Final Perfection of Riding Easement

In the Imperial "80" Chrysler engineers have given owners something more than ordinary roadability. They sought for easement of all riding disturbances under all conditions and speeds and over the most difficult roadways.

This they accomplished by revolutionary principles of shock absorption—special Chrysler-designed spring mounting—long, almost flat springs parallel to the wheels to prevent sidesway—spring ends anchored in specially molded blocks of live rubber, and these in turn securely held under compression in malleable brackets at the frame ends.

These live rubber blocks effectively insulate these springs from the frame and absorb all road shocks and road sounds. They also eliminate annoying squeaks and rattles and do away with the need of lubrication.

We are eager that you ride in a Chrysler Imperial "80".

Frankly, the results will amaze you. For you will experience a new conception of riding luxury—unsurpassed speed ability even to 80 miles and more an hour *plus* a balanced buoyancy of motion beyond comparison or precedent.

Eight superb body styles at new low prices, \$2495 to \$3595 f. o. b. Detroit

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Chrysler Imperial 80



The Truth is—

Men are not so much interested in why they get a good shave as they are in getting one.

The truth is that no man enjoys shaving; it's work. But more and more men are making the job easier by using Fougere Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream—the new way to a cleaner, quicker, more comfortable shave.

You will quickly recognize the plus quality of Fougere Royale once you get it on your brush. Dozens of these better shaves are waiting for you in the 50-cent tube at your druggist. Or we will introduce you to ten of them in the trial tube for a dime if you will send the coupon below.

Fougere Royale Shaving Cream

Shaving Cream, 50¢;
Fougere Royale Stick,
75¢; Talcum, \$1.00;
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50¢.



HOUBIGANT, INC. Dept. L-1
539 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

I want to try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime.

Name.....

Address.....

We Hold Out Our Hat

(Continued from page 26)

one child can be strengthened and heartened and guided for another year's battle with the slums. Less than that, anything less, mind you, will be a real philanthropic deed, too, in that any amount goes to make up the sum necessary for one child's holiday.

So, we hold our hat out for these poor little ones! Please, please drop something in it. L. A. F.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$322,822.71 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 48,647 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$7,784.38
Mr. & Mrs. L. V. D. Harris, Forest Hills, N. Y.	25.00
A. Spencer, Jr., Hartford, Conn.	10.00
W. J. Fitzgerald, Scranton, Pa.	10.00
Dr. H. M. Cooper, Rutherford, N. J.	5.00
"Pete," Marshall, Mich.	5.00
Mrs. Alexander S. Kirkman, Garden City, N. Y.	50.00
Franklin W. Cram, Bangor, Me.	20.00
Michael A. Bush, New York.	5.00
Elinor P. Rogers, Patchogue, N. Y.	10.00
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Mrs. W. F. Stearns, Norfolk, Conn.	10.00
Marie Pake, Montgomery, Ala.	1.00
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In memory of William H. Langley, New York.	10.00
Mrs. Effingham Lawrence, Jr., New York.	10.00
J. Norman Wills, Greensboro, N. C.	1.00
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I. E. N., New York.	5.00
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Helen, Murray & Billy Johnston, New Haven, Conn.	3.00
Mrs. G. Dana Warner, Naugatuck, Conn.	10.00
Mrs. Charles T. Crouch, Rochester, N. Y.	100.00
Mrs. Charles S. Ensign, So. Harpswell, Me.	5.00
Helen M. Greenwood, Ashburnham, Mass.	2.00
Oren Root, New York.	20.00
H. Prentiss, New York.	10.00
A LIFE Subscriber, Bangor, Me.	1.00
Mrs. Francis S. Page, Greenwich, Conn.	10.00
Mrs. James O. Cole, Peru, Ind.	100.00

\$8,818.88

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding



FOR
THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

FORMULA OF

Forhan, D.D.S.

NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's

FOR
THE
GUMS

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.

New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Give Your Dog a Square Deal!

READ THE AMERICAN KENNEL GAZETTE

IT TELLS YOU HOW TO KEEP HIM WELL AND HAPPY

No lover of a dog should be without the Gazette

The Gazette is the most beautiful, complete, interesting and authentic dog magazine published. It contains each month fact, fiction and beautiful illustrations. It is published by the American Kennel Club, the governing body of dogs.

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1200R, 221 Fourth Ave., New York City



Fisher Bodies—adopted for all General Motors cars—give this year, more than ever before, notable advantages in beauty, luxury, safety and convenience to the splendid new cars announced by Cadillac, Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Oldsmobile and Pontiac

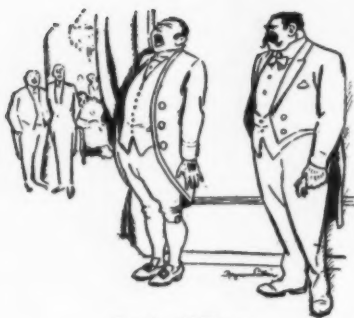
FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Lack of Tact

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY."

—Le Rire (Paris).

Joan Kinley at School

HOWLERS submitted by a teacher of hired education in New York, being answers in June examinations:

Capulets—Poetry with a certain measure popular in the eighteenth century.

Heroic Couplet—A great deed done by two people.

Riverside Drive—The most statutory street in America.

Tedium—Necessary part of the Episcopal Church service.

—New York World.

Manhattan Dialogues

"ARE they prominent socially?"

"Goodness, no! Neither of them has had a Paris divorce."

—New York Sun.

When in Rome

ITALIAN CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (to tourists): Have you any uncomplimentary opinions about Mussolini to declare?

—New Yorker.

ONE wonders if it is treason in Italy to call an employer the boss.

—Columbia (S. C.) State.



"INDEED THE SHRIMPS ARE FRESH, SIR. JUST THINK—THEY ARRIVED ONLY THIS MORNING FROM MADAGASCAR."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Couldn't Be Both

AN Indianapolis woman had an altercation with the colored garbage man. She called up the proper authority to report him, saying that he spoke to her in a very "ungentlemanly manner." The man at the other end of the line said: "Why, lady, you surely wouldn't expect him to be a gentleman and a garbage collector, too!"

—Indianapolis News.

Too Late for Herpicide

"HAVE you any dolls, Ruth?" we asked the little girl living in our house.

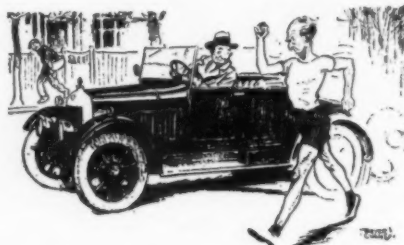
"Yes, I have one," Ruth answered, "but Auntie let it fall and all the dandruff came out!"

—Charleston News and Courier.

Brilliant Little Things

SIGN in a New York jewelry store: "Pearls and other Precocious Stones."

—Boston Transcript.



MOTORIST (kindly): CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT, SIR?

—London Opinion.

Caught

YOUNG WIFE (to her friend): Just think what a painful position I am in. While I was fainting because my husband would not buy me a new hat I saw him kiss the maid—and I can't say anything about it because I was supposed to be unconscious!

—Passing Show (London).

As Advertised

THE only honest native in Havana, declares the Havana Evening Telegram, is the proprietor of a shop in that more than fair city who has embellished his window with a sign: "Broken English Spoken."—New York Herald Tribune.

Sweet Adversity

MARSH: I drink only to drown my troubles.

RAY: What are your troubles?

"Finding something to drink!"

—Collier's.

LECTURER: Name a great universal time-saver.

LOVESICK PUPIL: Love at first sight.

—Answers (London).

ADD Similes: As long as a bootlegger's calling list.—Detroit Free Press.

Princesses

("But as for dancing—" here the princess paused in the middle of a royal puff. "Don't you think I'm a bit beyond the dancing stage?" And when the reporters didn't think so, she just smiled and knocked the ashes from the royal cigarette.")—From an interview with Princess Louise of Sweden.)

THE princess in the fairy tales was gracious and serene,

She had a bower
Within a tower

And princes serenaded her;
She spent her time embroidering and
chatting with the queen,

And if a spell
Upon her fell

The knights all came and aided her;
She moved, aloof and haughty, in a very
ritzzy set,

And she never knocked the ashes from
the royal cigarette.

THE princess in the fairy tales I knew in
early youth,

And she was fair
And debonair,

Whate'er her nationality;
She properly impressed me, but, to tell
the simple truth,

She was a bore,
And made me sore

With all her stiff formality;
And I'd have liked her better if she'd
been a trifle rash,
And winked across the table as she
flicked the royal ash!

—S. K. in Spokane

Spokesman-Review.

Seems Impossible

"It's hard for me to get up early,"
said the young fellow.

"Why don't you go to bed early, then?"
asked his innocent uncle.

"That would be even harder."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Sporting Instinct

EARLY CHRISTIAN (at the arena);
Psst, bookie, put this five denarii on the
lion.—Nebraska Avigean.



"STOP CRYING, YOU BIG BABY!"

"I WON'T. IT'S ME OWN CRY."

—Bulletin (Sydney).

Terrible!

A WOMAN witness was giving evidence at Marlborough Street, London, in connection with an assault on her husband.

After repeating fluently much lurid language used by the defendant, she added:

"And then, me Worship, 'e mide use of a very coarse and disgustin' expression. But I wouldn't sile me lips by repeatin' of it."

"Come," said the Clerk, "you've told us a good deal, you know. You must tell what he said."

Very bashfully the witness repeated the awful words. "'E said 'e'd brike 'im up to mike roads wiv'!"

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Nothing Could Be Plainer

BUTLER: A lady wishes to speak to you on the 'phone, sir.

YOUNG LORDLING: How do you know she is a lady?

"She said, 'Is that you, old pickled onion?' when I answered, sir!"

—*London Opinion.*

MONEY made the Vire go.

—*Asheville Times.*



Economy

"YOU UNDERSTAND, CHILDREN AT HIS AGE GROW SO TERRIBLY QUICKLY!"

—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

Bus No. 5

THE green trees glisten against the sky;
The blue waves shine, and go scudding
by;

The gauzy clouds pirouette along
As soft and sweet as a lover's song;
And friends in their country homes write,
"What a pity
That you have to stay in that dirty old
city!"

—"Marne," in *New York World.*

A Woman of Definite Moods

"BUT won't your mother be angry when she sees the state of your new suit?" inquired a neighbor woman after the accident with the garden hose.

"Yes," replied the small boy. "I'm afraid she will. She's very emotional about things like that."

—*Kansas City Star.*

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Revived

EMPLOYER: We seem to be having a great deal of rain nowadays, John.

GARDENER: Yes, sir, they clouds doan't seem to 'old th' watter same as they used to, sure-ly.—*London Evening News.*

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and Mileage

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2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

Correctness in every
detail has long characterized the artistry
of WETZEL.



Copyright
by Wetzel

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning...and it is sound reasoning, too...the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one...for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

F A T I M A



"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make"

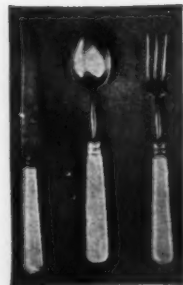
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

"THE Stopping Venus," by Bruce Marshall (*Dutton*), is one of those "smartly"-written modern novels which make you long for a

Charming Colorful TEA, FRUIT or HORS D'ŒUVRE



Sets from France

\$5 for six

Knives OR Forks
OR Spoons

in

Lacquer Red
Coral Pink
Leaf Green
French Blue
Lapis Blue
Amber Yellow

MRS. F. CARLETON

21 East 55th Street

New York

chance to slap the author and deepen in you the conviction that if guests conversed in real life as some English writers make them converse at London dining-tables, the restaurant business in Soho would be even brisker on a table-for-one basis than it is at present. It is going to take longer to repair the ravages made by the war upon English youth than it is to make adequate financial reparations. Aren't we all a little fed up on those "Righto!" fledglings who swing their tennis rackets and talk rot that would have caused them to be placed under observation in Sodom or Gomorrah? I am.

"The Stopping Venus" is the kind of novel in which the only character

of intelligence, decency and charm must be maimed for life in order to bring the restless heroine to her senses. It is also the kind of novel in which a lover tells his lass that her eyes and hair madden him.

IF you are looking for something to read right straight through on the way to Boston, "The Mantle of Masquerade," by Steuart Emery (*Dutton*), may be exactly your dish. And that, if properly considered, is higher praise than it sounds. Although Mr. Emery's story is so light that the junior class in high school might consider it beneath their dramatic efforts, and although the members of the kindergarten class could prophesy its conclusion from the opening pages, it has the happy air of aiming at nothing but entertainment, and a public that wants to be amused should be willing to swallow a few false whiskers and improbable dowagers. The story revolves about a young man who is giving a house party over the week-end in order to keep a meddlesome woman from interfering with his uncle's departure for Europe. The sudden walk-out of the entire domestic staff on the day when the guests are due inspires him to press into temporary service the members of a stranded theatrical troupe whom he has befriended. You can just imagine what happens.

Baird Leonard.

Among the New Books

The Incredulity of Father Brown. By G. K. Chesterton (*Dodd, Mead*). The third series of stories featuring the popular priest-detective.

Caleb Peaslee. By Frank K. Rich (*Altemus*). One of them there down-East farmers dialecting his way through an innocuous narrative, scattering bits of homespun philosophy.

The Cabala. By Thornton Niven Wilder (*Albert & Charles Boni*). A smart and smartly-bound set of tales about some of the speedier inhabitants of modern Rome.

East of Mansion House. By Thomas Burke (*Doran*). Not quite "going the way that the rest of them did."

The Black Dog. By A. E. Coppard (*Cape, London*). But you can buy it in this country, and many say it's the best volume of short stories since Katherine Mansfield.

Is Five. By E. E. Cummings (*Boni & Liveright*). In which a poet with several real ideas again does his best to throw the reader off by idiosyncrasies of form, but he can't stop us from capitalizing his title, name and initials.

Fathers of the Revolution. By Philip Guedalla (*Putnam*). Extremely interesting sketches of several prominent citizens who lived at the time mentioned in the title.

Winnowed Wisdom. By Stephen Leacock (*Dodd, Mead*). Light reading by a professional humorist who turns his attention to the foibles of 1925-26.

What a Man Told His Son. By Robert Torrrington Furman (*Les Pen-sure*). Just what the title indicates.

AFTER SMOKING



Squibb's Dental Cream

Soothes irritated gums
Sweetens breath
Prevents acid decay
Keeps teeth and gums
clean and healthy

**SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM**

Profit by this Suggestion

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Eliminate the Loss In Investments

For, after all, good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the August issue of Harper's Magazine will help solve your investment problems.

Harpers

MAGAZINE

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MEN—Stop Falling Hair!

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Write for Free Book, "How to have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp." It contains practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

Write Dept. P52

H. Clay Glover Co.,
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GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

As
Dandruff,
Barbers and
Hairdressers



A Postal Guide Romance

INTRODUCTION (Tex.)

James (Ga.)
Minnie (Ark.)
Outing (W. Va.)
Twilight (Wash.)
Jim Falls (Wis.)
Neck (Mo.)
Kissimmee (Fla.)
Aska (Ga.)
Maryd (Penn.)

The Miracle

THE decorous hush of the fashionable restaurant was suddenly outraged by a choking, tortured scream. . . . A portly diner, his face crimson, a pudgy hand clutching at his pendulous throat, had collapsed. In an instant the place was in an uproar. Waiters scurried hither and thither, women shrieked and fainted. The manager wrung his hands and muttered imprecations in French.

The afternoon papers broadcast the tragedy in lurid headlines, for the portly diner was none other than Arthur J. Tubby, multi-millionaire banker and railroad magnate. . . . Heart failure, read the sensational stories, was the cause of death. But what the papers didn't say (for how indeed could the most perspiringly inquiring reporter ascertain?) was what had stopped the great man's heart.

It was this. He had given his waiter a tip of exactly ten per cent. of the amount of his luncheon check and the man had said, deferentially and politely, "Thank you, sir!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Matters of Opinion

ALL a young man can do about matrimony is pray that the right woman will pick him out.

* * *

Medical science has become so proficient that it is practically impossible to be sick except during doctors' office hours.

* * *

I have never yet enjoyed meeting anybody that everybody thought I would love to meet.

* * *

I imagine many a middle-aged man shares my experience: I worked hard all my youth, when I wanted to play, in order to play now, when I would rather work. J. K. M.

LITTLE MURIEL: Dear me, Mother, I wish I were Mrs. Morton's little girl instead of yours. MOTHER: Why, child?

LITTLE MURIEL: I like her cigarettes so much better.

Play the SILVER KING



YOU may be hooking, you may be slicing, your putting may be as erratic as a left-handed earthquake, but if you are playing a Silver King you can be dead certain it isn't the fault of the ball. . .

Most golfers find they get 15 to 25 yards farther with this best of all good golf balls!

STILL A DOLLAR
no raise in the price



John W. Wadmaker
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Golf Distributors

Pipe smoker's mother happy at son's tobacco choice

There is plenty of evidence to prove that the ladies are not averse to pipe smokers. Provided, of course, that the man in the case chooses the right tobacco.

The following letter from Mrs. Higgins of St. Louis reflects the pride and satisfaction of a mother who feels that her son has made a wise decision.

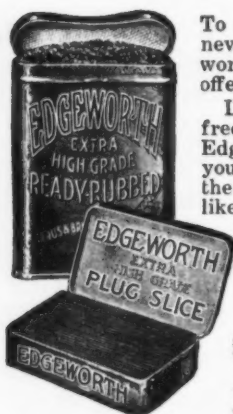
Read her letter—then show it to your wife:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Can a mere woman praise Edgeworth? When my sixteen-year-old son started to smoke, it was a pipe. I guess he tried all the brands of tobacco on the market, trying to find a mild, cool smoke. He gave up smoking in disgust, saying he guessed he never would be a man if it depended on smoking a pipe. At last an old timer told him to try a pipeful of his Edgeworth. Now my son is never in too big a hurry to walk several blocks out of his way to get it.

I sometimes wish every day was Sunday so he could be home smoking, for the aroma of Edgeworth is delicious.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. A. Higgins.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16-T S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.]

Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 12)

drive me well nigh to distraction with the weariness and monotony of her discourse, the underlying theme of it this time being the contemplation of suicide, which she did threaten so frequently in what she deemed a subtle manner that I was finally moved to enjoin her, assuming that her intentions were serious, to be about the business straightway and spare herself the tedium of living through the redecoration of her apartment in the autumn. Lord! the trouble with individuals who are always promising to make away with themselves is that they never keep their word.

July 15th A wake betimes, going through the magazines which, in spite of my good

resolutions, I have been allowing to accumulate, and moved by them to the reflection that illustrations of the modern school look as if they had been done by small children turned loose with a set of pencils. Nor is the text none too sensible in many instances, some of the Paris letters in the fashion magazines being transparent almost to the point of hysterical amusement, for if the table conversation at smart luncheons which they seek to describe is quoted verbatim, the guests must be entirely recruited from the mannequins of the leading couturiers. Emmy Oakes to luncheon with me, with news of a magickal green paste which, when rubbed into the lines of the face, causes them to vanish for at least three or four hours, so that may be why Tibbie Forman comes to dinner looking like May and leaves looking like December, and were I Vanity's slave to such an extent, I should quit the bridge table or the ball room before the efficacy of the cosmetic had run its course and daub on a fresh supply. Nor do I ever mean to resort to such chicanery, and it is highly fortuitous that God his given me a good skin, for I had liefer my face looked like a road map than sit before a mirror patting it with anointed cotton or rubbing it with cracked ice.... This day do I go again upon my diet, having regained all I did lose through my abstinence two months ago.

Baird Leonard.

Nubville Spark

ON the card that just came post-age-due to Zephyr Barmore, from her husband in Florida, is a real pretty view of one of the restaurants he passes every day.



FAIR BATHER: "Yes, the water is wonderful today but 'sniffing' and 'sneezing' take all the joy out of swimming for me. These summer colds are so discouraging."

LIFE GUARD: "May I come to your rescue with a helpful suggestion? Get a package of Luden's. A life guard dashing in to save a drowning heiress couldn't bring quicker relief."

NOTE: The beneficial and exclusive menthol blend in Luden's Cough Drops brought comfort and quick relief over a billion times last year to sufferers from irritated throats, colds, coughs, hoarseness, hay fever, etc. In the yellow package—5c—everywhere.

Fairy Story

WHEN asked why he would not fight Harry Wills, Jack Dempsey replied that he was afraid he would lose his championship.

HEY HEY Snappy Charleston cards to send to your friends. Something new—comical and full of pep. Three different cards with envelopes, 25 cents (coin). One for 10 cents. Johansen, Box 162, Steinway Ave. Sta., Long Island City, N. Y.

STOPS

AUTO SICKNESS
Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34 75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Paris Montreal London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

RED, ROUGH SKIN
is ugly and annoying—make your skin soft, white, lovely, by using

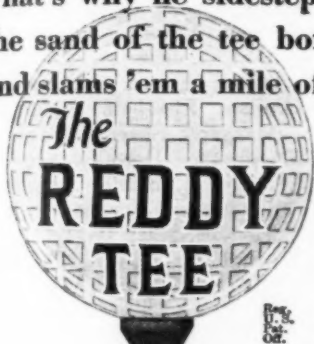
Resinol

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



A smart fighter looks after his hands. So does a smart golfer.

That's why he sidesteps the sand of the tee box and slams 'em a mile off



Just stick it in the turf and s-h-o-o-t

Ask for Reddy Tees by name. Play the yellow or the red. Both winners both "Reddy". One Piece, and white birch from tip to cup

25¢ FOR A BOX OF 18

The Nieblo Manufacturing Co., Inc.
38 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

German War Glasses



For hunting, motoring, the races, ocean travel, bird and nature study, etc.

We have been fortunate in making new and permanent connections with one of the best German optical manufacturers for an additional supply of these German War Glasses, which have proved so popular in this country.

Representing a conservative \$20 value, they are the same efficient model all-purpose field glass built for war use, according to strict military specifications, for German Army Officers.

Day and night lenses—dust and moisture-proof—40 m.m. objective, giving large field of vision—pupillary adjustment. Built for service, crystal clearness, and accuracy. Equipped with leather neck straps and lens cover. Each glass inspected, tested, and guaranteed in perfect condition. Shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order for \$9.85. Positive guarantee of full cash refund if not satisfied.

Order your field glasses today
SWIFT & ANDERSON, Inc.
SUCCESSORS TO
HENDERSON BROTHERS

Largest importers of field glasses in America
97 to 99 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

Sure-Fire History

SCENE ONE: *Inside the Trojan Horse.*

FIRST TROJAN SOLDIER: Well, now, how about a little song?

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS: Yes, yes! Hi, Steve! Give us a song.

FIRST SOLDIER (*clearing his throat*): "Horses, horses, horses, Goofy over horses, horses, horses..." (*He is impaled on a spear.*)

* * *

SCENE TWO: *On the banks of the Nile.*

ANTONY (*who is fishing*): Look! I've pulled up another bass.

CLEOPATRA: Throw him back and pull up a second tenor. (*In the distance a pyramid falls with a soft splosh.*)

* * *

SCENE THREE: *Before the Battle of Austerlitz.*

NAPOLEON: And remember, in the knapsack of every soldier is a marshal's baton.

PRIVATE GINSBERGUE (*of the 107th Light Foot*): Hell! I thought that was a flute. (*The retreat from Moscow is delayed six weeks.*)

* * *

SCENE FOUR: *Julius Caesar's Atrium (what do we care for unity?).*

ANTONY: That makes three times you've been offered a crown. What's the matter with you, anyway, Julius?

CÆSAR (*who has been going into it pretty thoroughly*): I'm holding out for a porcelain filling. (*Antony falls over backward.*)

* * *

SCENE FIVE: *Herod's Ballroom.*

SALOME: I want the head of Iokanaan.

HERODIAS: Do me a favor. Try a piece wing, foist. (*All the soldiers run out, screaming.*)

* * *

SCENE SIX: *King Solomon's Sun Porch.*

A FRIEND: Solly, I'd walk a mile for a camel.

SOLOMON (*with a leer toward his harem*): Don't do it. I've got a hundred Fatimas in the next room. (*This goes on indefinitely.*)

* * *

SCENE SEVEN: *After the Battle of Bunker Hill.*

WILLIAM PRESCOTT: Didn't I tell you to shoot when you saw the whites of their eyes?

THE UNKNOWN REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER: But the guy I was aiming at had jaundice! (*Just at this moment the rain comes down and spoils everything.*)

Henry William Hanemann.



Your face is my territory

I JUST RECEIVED THIS LETTER:

Dear Jim:
I'm a peddler—a paint peddler. Just plain paint. You know—house paint, barn paint, mill and factory paint.

As one salesman to another though, I want to tell you that your trio of Gloom Chasers is the best ever. They ring the bell.

Why, ever since you've made 'em I've been Smilin' Thru your lather, balm and powder every morning.

Fraternally,
LWW

In one way, I'm practically a paint salesman myself.

I'm selling nature's own face paint—a good complexion. Your physiognomy is my territory.

Suppose tomorrow A. M. you begin the shaving sprint with a coat of Mennen lather—super-moist, triple strength. Mixes with any local water. Whips the fight out of the toughest, scrappiest crop of whiskers that ever bristled up to a keen-edged blade—and whips them until they purr. One round of the razor flips them off without a twinge.

You get a shave that's an asset—quick, close and flattering. Our scientists call this Mennen beard taming process *dermatation*. You'll call it *transformation*.

Then try a few squirts of Mennen Skin Balm in the wake of the razor blade. At first it bites agreeably—that's the antiseptic, astringent touch. Then it briskly stimulates the circulation—sets the skin a-tinging. You know you like it, right on the spot. Your mirror will convince you that you want it. Your face looks healthy, smooth, unblemished. Skin Balm comes in leak-proof form in handy tubes. Fifty cents a throw.

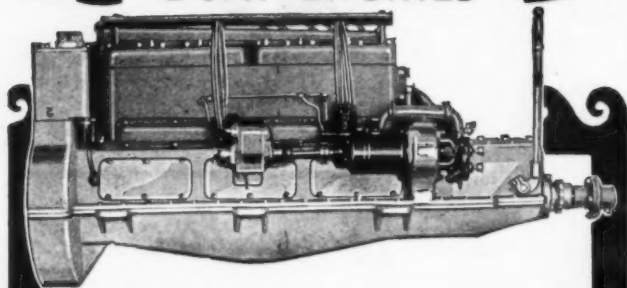
For the final touch of good grooming, flick a film of Talcum for Men over all. Neutral in tone. Doesn't show on the face. So mildly perfumed, even an inquiring public won't smell out your secret. That's the Mennen Shave in toto. You'll want to be initiated.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

KERMATH

BOAT ENGINES



Each Kermath is built to last—and it does. Each Kermath is built to serve—and it does.

Each Kermath is built by the most painstaking builders in the business and built of the choicest materials.

In both modern construction and efficient operation, the Kermath has an outstanding record which will be well worth your while to investigate.

3 to 150 H.P. \$135 to \$2150 f.o.b. Factory

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A Kermath Always Runs



The Laugh Cure

An Absolutely New Treatment for Melancholy

Prescribed by

Life

with unfailingly satisfactory results. Allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, all effect occasional cures, but the modern trend is less medicine and more of nature, wherein comes Our Treatment. Laughter is Nature's own medicine. One good laugh will fade out the atmosphere from indigo to a pale forget-me-not hue, while two or three bleach it completely and drive the blue devils away. *LIFE* with its *Laugh in Every Page* not only supplies the needed two or three laughs, but gives many excess treatments every week, all for the one subscription price! Try it yourself for six months, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60
(145)

LIFE'S Travel Contest

(Continued from page 9)

Leonard, Mary F. Lerch, Jacob M. Loring, D. E. Lowry, Ross W. Lynn, Francis J. McArdle, John C. MacArthur, Maude Holcomb MacCoon, Frederick A. McCollum, F. R. McCoy, Pauline E. McDonald, Lillian MacRae, J. Sidney Marine, Faythe Mendow, C. A. Miketta, Duncan Mills, Cliff Mitchell, Royal A. Moore, Gwladys M. Morgan, Mrs. Lila Bess Morgan, Helen M. Murdoch, Sylvia Hope Nelson, Webster K. Nolan, Elsa Nonnenmacher.

A. S. Olmsted, H. Estelle Olmsted, Clara Ormiston, Isabel Ormiston, James I. Osborne, Gertrude R. B. Richard, Donald A. Roberts, Lois C. Roberts, Martha L. Roberts, W. S. Robertson, Frank Rorschach, Jr., Margaret S. Rowe, Clifford A. Rowley, Esther M. Saenger, Frederick R. Sanborn, Frances Sanders, P. J. Seavles, Henriette Seklemian, Elizabeth B. Shaffer, Frank H. Shaffer, Jr., Margaret Sherwood, Dorothy Elizabeth Smith, R. S. Smythe, Dorothy Sommers, Marie Peary Stafford, Marion L. Starkey, Susan C. Steele, Mrs. Grace M. Stephenson, Harrison Stewart, Edward W. Stitt, Ruth A. Taylor, Mary West Tebbetts, Gladys G. Telfer, Carl H. P. Thurston, Mrs. Charles F. Thwing, Mrs. Paul Tison, Mrs. Helen F. A. Tucker, Jane C. Tunnell.

Jane Miller Veach, R. Verrill, Anna D. Viele, Rebecca Wade, Mrs. Bessie C. Wentworth, Margaret Wentworth, Eugene P. Wethey, Edward M. Weyer, Walter R. Wheeler, Vivian W. Whitman, H. F. Williams, Raymond Willoughby, Charles C. Wilson, Mary Taylor Woods, Frederick Yeiser.

The Hero

"CONGRATULATIONS, Mrs. Brown; you have reason to feel proud of your husband."

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, your husband is one man in a thousand." 15552

"And he is so modest about it. My husband said he dismissed the matter with a toss of his hand."

"Why, he is the most talked of man in the neighborhood. I'll tell you frankly, Mrs. Brown, that all of the men are jealous of him."

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, my husband has often told what he would do, but he has never done it."

* * *

Of course, listening to the ladies talk, you'll never discover what they are talking about. I'll tell you. Mr. Brown said last winter that he was going to lay in next winter's coal this summer. And he has.

Bill Sykes.

RUB: There are 8,424 dialects in the world.

DUB: Does that include the one used by lyric sopranos?

Next Week

THE first installment of a new series—"Fascinating Crimes," by Robert Benchley, illustrated by John Held, Jr.

Cover by L. T. Holton; cartoons by Gluyas Williams, Bruce Bairnsfather, Russell Patterson, R. F. Culter, Don Herold and many others.

By the way, are you reading "Just Between Us Girls," by Lloyd Mayer? You'll find another of these uproarious monologues in next week's issue.



WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

WHEN quality car owners ultimately discover Wills Sainte Claire, their restless seeking after something different abruptly ends. Aware, after driving the car, that there is nothing finer anywhere to be found, they cease to seek.

That is why it has become an adage throughout the Wills Sainte Claire organization, that the best prospect for a Wills Sainte Claire is the Wills Sainte Claire owner himself.

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE, INC.
Marysville, Michigan



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Life

"You bet I will"



Chesterfield
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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

